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THE FORTNIGHTLY

FEBRUARY, 1949

MR. TRUMAN'S NEW DEAL

By H. G. NICHOLAS

WHEN the mantle of the Presidency first fell upon the unhappy Mr. Truman of 1945 a shrewd observer of the Washington scene remarked upon the consequent change in the atmosphere of the capital. It was, he said, as if some huge, animated and crowded canvas, a Frith's *Paddington Station* as it were, had shrunk to the subdued and modest dimensions of a Dutch interior. This change was not exclusively due to the substitution of a Truman for a Roosevelt ; it was, of course, in some measure, an inescapable end-of-war anti-climax. But there was also an unmistakable de-magnetization of Washington which was intimately associated with the disappearance of the great personality of F. D. R. Mr. Truman, one sensed, might be a very good man, he might even prove to be a very good President, but he was not fun, he was not interesting, he was not even news—once the novelty had worn off.

The Truman of 1949, whatever he is, is no longer an uninteresting character and his administration is no longer an animated oil painting of the Dutch school. Indeed, if one were to persist in looking for a pictorial analogy one would find it in a very different setting—perhaps in one of those W.P.A. murals which the New Deal slapped on to the walls of every post office, court house and public monument of the 'thirties, large, bright, colourful, energetic, with oil wells gushing at the feet of sturdy farmers, corn fields sprouting in surprising juxtaposition to steel mills, smiling Labour dating Liberty, while an occasional wicked banker leers or scowls, and the inevitable dam makes the desert blossom as the rose and glitter with the glories of Rural Electrification. There is not much subtlety about these pieces, and no one has ever stopped to admire the brushwork, but they have vitality, they attract attention, they tell a story. It is just this quality which the Truman administration, by its leader's victory last November, has recovered for itself. Before November there was nothing about Mr. Truman that everyone didn't know, including his impending and inevitable defeat. Now, having proved the nation wrong in this last overwhelming particular, Mr. Truman holds their interest in every other respect as well. His story is only just beginning, and the readers who had mistakenly thought they were reaching the end are instead agog to know what Jack will do next, now that he has killed the Giant, instead of being slain by him.

Nor is Mr. Truman going to disappoint his public. His annual message on the state of the Union is packed with proposals which, even though none of them is revolutionary, will cumulatively make a very sizable dint on the surface of American life if they are enacted in the form in which he has advanced them. "We have abandoned the 'trickle-down' concept of national prosperity. Instead we believe that our economic system should rest on a democratic foundation and that wealth should be created for the benefit of all." "We must push forward with the development of our rivers for power irrigation, navigation and flood control." "We must extend our programmes of soil conservation. We must spare no efforts to raise the general level of health in this country." "The civil rights proposals I made to the 80th Congress I now repeat to the 81st Congress." These are not the slogans of a strange philosophy. Any American old enough to remember the 'thirties will recognize in them the accents of New Dealism. But they carry some fairly considerable implications for all that. Literally interpreted, they would mean, for instance, the end of a system of housing under which poorer Americans habitually live in the discarded residences of the well-to-do, or in which great disparities of wealth still exist not merely between rich and poor individuals, but also between rich and poor regions. They would do for the Missouri Basin what the TVA has done for the Tennessee. They would rescue the West from the continuing depredations of the rancher and the get-rich-quick soil assassin. They would introduce State medicine and allow the Negro to sit in the front seats of a bus—even in the Deep South.

There is a familiar disparity between what politicians promise and what they perform, and between what Presidents ask and what Congress concedes. But it would not do to conclude that Mr. Truman's proposals are therefore only a set of aspirations, pious or otherwise. When he was asked in his first press conference after the elections what his domestic policy would be, he said that he would base it on the 21 points he had outlined to Congress on September 6, 1945, in the very first statement he had made of his domestic objectives. The answer was a significant reminder of two things, that Mr. Truman is an unusually consistent and persistent President, and that his programmes lack nothing of explicitness; anyone who compares the 1949 programme with the one which the 1945 Congress so roundly ignored will find that it incorporates all the earlier document's recommendations. Nor can the conservative draw much comfort from the fate that attended the President's demands on the former occasion. The man who repeats them now does so in a voice strengthened by electoral victory and made wiser by several years of experience in office. And he is now addressing a Congress of another stamp.

The nightmare of both Roosevelt and Truman in their relations with Congress has been the recurrent coalition of southern Democrats and conservative Republicans, in face of any piece of domestic legislation which departed, however slightly, from their concepts of "free enterprise". In the new Congress however not only has the vanguard of southern liberalism been strengthened by several notable additions, such as Senators Broughton, Kefauver and Lyndon Johnson, but also the diehard 'Bourbon' leadership of the rest of the South has been gravely discredited by the 'Dixiecrat' fiasco, the revolt that failed. The President, as sensible as he is magnanimous, has announced a policy of no reprisals, and in Congress no attempt has been made to keep these errant veterans from the committee chairmanships to which their length of service entitles them. But they are, as it were, bound over to keep the peace and to abide by the programme of the party to which they have been re-admitted. What then of the civil rights proposals—that is, civil rights for Negroes? Will they stomach that too? The answer is almost certainly No. Whenever these reforms, touching so sharply the sensitivities of the South, come before Congress, we may count on a tough, last-ditch southern opposition. How deep a rift that will create, and whether it will produce another 'Dixiecrat' breakaway will depend upon the exact nature of the reforms and the circumstances of their introduction. But it is unlikely that the administration will make these measures the spearhead of its legislative offensive in the present session. They were not head-lined in the President's message and it is obvious that there are many matters which he regards as more pressing. It seems likely that he will press for his other legislation first and leave anti-poll tax and anti-lynching legislation until later.

One of the higher priorities will undoubtedly be a revision of labour legislation. 101 of the representatives who in the 80th Congress voted against the President's veto of the Taft-Hartley labour bill find themselves without seats in the 81st. In their place are Congressmen implicitly backed by organized labour. The Taft-Hartley bill has not in fact worked anything like as badly as its critics said it would—or, for that matter, as well. But partly because it has acquired a symbolic significance (its passage was the occasion for more loose and extravagant anti-labour talk than its provisions ever warranted) and partly because labour is genuinely worried about its workings in the hands of a less friendly President or at a season of slacker employment or on the down-swing of a trade cycle—for all these reasons it must go, at least in its present form. But mere repeal will hardly do, and when it comes to devising something to put in its place there will be great confusion and clashing of opinions. In particular that tough senatorial tactician, whose name on the legislation so fatally identified it with the Republican leadership of the 80th Congress—

Senator Taft—is still in his place in the Senate and in the councils of his party. He can be counted on to fight, both because it is his nature so to do, and also because in 1950 his term in the Senate expires and he must needs justify himself to his constituents.

The continuing leadership of Senator Taft points up the fact that despite all the post-election sackcloth-and-ashes statements of certain Republicans (especially defeated candidates) the 'old guard' has not been ousted from control. They do in fact still command a majority within Republican ranks both in House and Senate and if they have learnt anything from their party's misfortunes it is not at present clear what it is. The Democrats have shown that they are reposing no trust in their good behaviour; the Rules Committee, which in the previous Congress became the grave of so much legislation, has had its powers curbed to guard against an unholy combine of Southerners and Republicans manipulating it to their advantage once again. In future no bill can be blocked for more than 21 days if the chairman of the committee which has reported it wants it considered by the whole house. (Of itself, indeed, such a change will not end obstruction in the House, but it does restore power to the hands of the majority if they remain sufficiently strong and disciplined to employ it. What happens now will be a test of Democratic Party leadership.)

This is an encouraging prospect for the White House, but for the man who declared that he "would sooner have peace than be President" there is perhaps an even more gratifying sign. That is the further weakening of the isolationists in the new Congress. The new House, compared with the last, has reduced its isolationist element by at least a third, the Senate by about a half. Of the ten senators up for re-election who had voted against Marshall Aid only one was returned. In the new Senate there will be no 'Curly' Brooks to serve as mouthpiece for the *Chicago Tribune*, in the new House no Taber to let the gas out of the E.R.P. balloon just before it is due to rise. This is the least isolationist Congress in American history.

In all this, the President obviously feels, there is a mandate as clear and as binding as on any area of domestic policy. Only so can the extraordinary boldness of the Acheson appointment and the Inaugural Address be explained. (That there is a connection between the two is not inconceivable; if, as has been suggested, Mr. Acheson inspired the original Marshall Plan, it is not fanciful to link this concept of a world-wide New Deal to the same generous and spacious imagination.) The first was a challenge to the Senate to accept as the director of American foreign policy someone known to believe in the creative and persuasive forces of liberalism rather than to rest contented in a purely negative policy of anti-communist seclusion.

The second sharpens the challenge and carries it further. Its negative emphasis alone, the total omission of any reference to domestic affairs, is an index of the President's absorption with his world responsibilities. The announcement that the North Atlantic Pact will take the form of a treaty to be sent to the Senate rather than, as was expected, a defence agreement requiring merely a bare majority of both chambers indicates both the President's confidence in his new Senate and his desire to seal the Pact with all the force and prestige that attach to a "treaty of the United States." What, finally, of the "bold, new programme for . . . the undeveloped areas" of the world overseas? Is this a permanent acceptance of the rôle of the greatest creditor nation in history—the rôle which economists have so long been thrusting on the U.S.A. and which American business has been so loth to accept? If it is, it is probably also something more. Unless this whole passage is merely a tissue of empty generalizations—and there is nothing about its context or its author to suggest it—it is surely intended as America's answer to the communist offensive in the Far East, the Middle East, the Balkans, Latin America—in fact potentially in every region where poverty, newly self-conscious, breeds ready converts to violence and materialism. Presumably it envisages the extension to other areas of the recent action of the Export-Import Bank in advancing \$100,000,000 in loans and credits to Israel for the development of her agriculture, communications, public works, etc. (It is interesting with this in mind to recall the popularity in the U.S.A. of the argument that capital and technology together could enable Palestine to multiply its productivity enormously—a Zionist thesis, no doubt, but its appeal to the American imagination was essentially that of the TVA or Boulder Dam, the romance of giving battle to nature and making her work for man on man's own terms.) To challenge the Russians on this ground is to make them fight with weapons they have long boasted of (what else is Lysenkoism, but the victory of communist science over recalcitrant genetics?), but in which the Americans are indubitably their superiors. The power which welcomed the technicians of Detroit for the execution of its own Five-Year Plans cannot convincingly compete with the United States in the production of TVA for export. Capital and 'know-how'—these constitute America's superior armaments in the latest phase of the cold war. The President's promise of an international New Deal is, if one understands his words aright, an expression of determination to use these weapons to the utmost. They were certainly never so needed—nor fortunately so available—as to-day.

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN INSEMINATION

BY J. S. BEZZANT

IT was inevitable that the established practice of mechanical insemination in animal breeding should suggest its possibilities in human parentage. Its use in the relief of certain grievous human problems has already begun. It is reliably stated that in America by 1941 the number of children born after artificial insemination with seed of another than the mother's husband was 3,649. In a limited circle the practice has been familiar in this country for 25 years. Public attention has been drawn to it and will not be able indefinitely to ignore it. This fairly new venture in so fundamental an activity of life produces a nest of complicated problems, partly theological, more obviously moral and legal, and some important psychological and sociological possibilities.* Two years ago the Archbishop of Canterbury set up a commission of thirteen experts to investigate ; they reported to him is what is neither an official Church document nor one addressed to the general public.† The report is as thorough as its purpose required and the present state of relevant knowledge permits ; it is careful and sympathetic, slow to chide if unable to bless ; and includes a bibliography.

It is unnecessary to specify the hardship, often involving acute and prolonged suffering, or the all too frequent consequences, of childless matrimony. It is estimated that nearly 10 per cent. of marriages are involuntarily sterile and that the proportion is increasing. This alone will direct greater attention to artificial insemination and intensify the problems inseparable from it.

There are two forms of A.I. The first is the use of a mechanical aid to introduce a husband's semen into his wife's cervical canal or uterus when, for whatever reason, this result appears not to be achieved naturally. This form (A.I.H.) raises no difficult problems. It may arouse repugnance, particularly if the seed has to be produced by masturbation ; but repugnance often has to be overcome to realize some worthy or beneficent end. As in this matter the purpose of whatever actions are necessary is to secure one of the primary ends of marriage, they would seem to be morally blameless ; they violate

* Plainly there are also eugenic possibilities but, to yield useful results, they would require breeding-plans only possible if the family as we know it had largely disappeared. As they are therefore not in sight they are ignored in this article.

† It has nevertheless been published under the title *Artificial Human Insemination*. S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.

no principle having a real ground or weight.* There may well be a question, with a bearing on the ratio of sterility, whether it is eugenically or socially desirable that children should be born of parents unable to breed naturally, but the answer to it should be determined by evidence.

The serious issues arise in the second form of A.I., in which semen obtained from a donor other than her husband is artificially introduced in order that his wife may bear a child. This is known as A.I.D. The reasons for resort to it are either that the husband is sterile or infertile or that he may transmit a defect or disease.† Great care is taken about all aspects of the medical fitness and other suitability of the donor, who is of a blood-group identical with that of one of the married couple. The evidence is that there is no undue insistence by the wife but that often the husband takes the initiative, in complete agreement to employ A.I.D. rather than to adopt a child. For many women the desire for children is an important, often primary, motive for marriage and by A.I.D. the biological desire to *bear* a child is satisfied. The whole procedure is strictly confidential; the child's mother is known and her husband is naturally assumed to be the father, the actual father being known only to a trusted doctor who alone knows the identity of the donor to whom the identity of the married couple is not disclosed. The effects upon hitherto childless marriages are admitted to be beneficial, with happiness increased beyond expectation. But as in this country only a very few of those known to have been born as the result of A.I.D. have as yet attained maturity there is no evidence, as distinct from conjectural possibilities of good and evil, about the delayed psychological effects of the practice upon marriage and the life of the family. Unless legal issues of inheritance or other complications arise, it seems to be agreed that a child conceived by this means should never know the truth about its origin.

It is from this fact that secrecy is regarded as essential that the most obvious objections to A.I.D. arise. In three cases known to me in which it was contemplated, in advising strongly against the suggestion I felt no need to do more than emphasize the all-round and life-long deceit involved and the unhappy status of any child so born should the truth become known, against which there can

* The Archbishop's commission adduces none. One clerical member did not agree that the practice is justified if it involves masturbation. If this objection is a moral one, its only basis is the alleged principle that it is *always* wrong to separate the parts of the total procreative act. This seems to me to be a relic of the outlook which regarded all natural processes as the perfect expression of the Creator's will so that it were impious to interfere with or to supplement them by methods suggested by human intelligence.

† A third reason, whether independent of the others or not, would be the wish for the paternity of a man with particular characteristics or outstanding endowments. It might be expected to appeal less to married couples than to unmarried women who desired to bear a child without resort to illicit sexual relationships.

obviously be no absolute guarantee. No decision about A.I.D. has so far been given in an English court of law, but the legal aspects of the practice are ably and clearly exposed by the competent members of the Archbishop's commission.* The legal position ought to be known and anxiously pondered by any who contemplate using or being in any way involved in A.I.D. Unless or until some other authoritative decision is given, or the existing law amended, it seems beyond doubt that the dictum of Lord Dunedin must prevail: "fecundation *ab extra* is, I doubt not, adultery." The law of England, except as it provides for decrees of nullity and divorce, is that marriage is the voluntary union for life of one man with one woman to the exclusion of all others on either side. Legally, adultery consists, not in the moral wickedness of such sexual intercourse, but in the voluntary surrender by husband or wife to any other person of *either* the reproductive organs *or* the sexual organs.† Thus in A.I.D. the inseminated wife and the donor of the seed are in law adulterers, the operating doctor an accomplice in an act of adultery or fornication, and any child born of the process is illegitimate. It would appear that a wife, resorting to A.I.D. *without her husband's consent*, and the donor of the seed she accepts, are liable to be joined in a suit for divorce; and though the consent of the husband, being connivance and condonation, would forfeit any right to a decree of divorce, his consent is entirely irrelevant to the nature of the act as adultery and can do nothing to legitimize the child.

Further, as secrecy is held to be essential in A.I.D., there is an intention to present a child to other family relatives, to the State and to society as being the legitimate offspring of the marriage when in fact it is not. Now the false registration of an A.I.D. child as the son or daughter of its mother's husband is a criminal offence under the Perjury Act of 1911 carrying a possibly long prison sentence. An article in the *British Medical Journal* stated: "The couple are informed that the child will be legitimate if the husband is registered as the father; such registration is demanded although it constitutes an offence."‡ Clearly the false registration with intent to deceive is accepted as part of the procedure from the outset, and a medical practitioner who "demands" it is the instigator of and accessory to a serious criminal offence. The false registration may later be the means of avoiding the higher rate of duty otherwise payable upon the inheritance of parental property; and where, on the death of a childless husband, property and/or funds would pass to some other relative, failure to disclose the true origin of an A.I.D. child would be

* The Hon. Mr. Justice Vaisey, D.C.L., and the Right Hon. H. U. Willink, M.C., K.C.

† The "either . . . or" is important, for otherwise a wife who had undergone the surgical operation hysterectomy would be incapable of adultery, and it might even be argued that the wearing of an occlusive cervical cap during intercourse did not involve adultery!

‡ Quoted in the Report of the Archbishop's commission, p. 40.

fraudulent and, if the fact became known, the doctor and the donor concerned (if their identities were discovered) might possibly be joined in an action involving conspiracy.

It is therefore not surprising that the Medical Defence Union has issued guidance designed to protect doctors engaging in this practice and has approved documents suitable for completion (a) by a married couple seeking A.I.D. and (b) by the donor. The former discloses to the doctor the full names of husband and wife, authorizes him to inseminate the wife with semen from a donor selected by the doctor, and gives an assurance that any consequent birth of a child "will not defeat the claims of any person to any titles, estates, interests or funds." The other declares the consent of the donor to supply semen, acknowledges his awareness that its use might be held to be adultery, and states that it is supplied only on the conditions that his name is not disclosed, that the written consent of the woman and the husband (if any) be obtained and that her name has not been disclosed to him. Both documents are witnessed. It is noteworthy that they are silent about the false declaration to be made at registration of birth; and Mr. Justice Vaisey and Mr. Willink hold that the assurance against defeat of lawful inheritance-claims cannot be properly given or accepted, saying that the only proper statement cannot go beyond an assertion that "there is not *at the time* known to be any such title, etc."* It is also important that donors should realize that if their identity were discovered they would become liable to contribute to the support of their offspring if the receivers of their seed were unmarried or living apart from their husbands.

A fact with possible bearing upon the legal position is that sterility is not always necessarily permanent. If a husband is not impotent and his wife continues regular coitus with him while being artificially inseminated with another donor's semen (or with her husband's as well as with the donor's) there can only be presumptive evidence, however strong, that the husband is *not* the father of any child conceived during the period.† The interesting question is whether such procedure has any relevance to the declaration proper to be made at registration of birth. Does it differ legally from a case in which a wife regularly cohabiting with her husband also commits

* It is unlikely that the legal adviser to the Medical Defence Union would overlook the possible criminal liabilities pointed out by Mr. Justice Vaisey and Mr. Willink and in the highest degree unlikely that Counsel would suggest means of evading the consequences of an illegal or criminal action. I can only suggest, with great hesitation, that as adultery is not a *criminal* offence, a doctor assisting in A.I.D. is not legally responsible for any subsequent declaration made by others about the *result* of an action not in itself criminal, and that no legal duty rests upon a doctor to investigate registration of birth. But of course this defence would not be possible if the doctor had "demanded" the registration of a child as the issue of the husband, as such demand would be illegal and criminal.

† Mr. Justice Vaisey and Mr. Willink hold that this procedure would not affect the fact that the receiving of seed other than the husband's is adultery, that English law courts would strongly reprobate any such deceptive action, and that all participating in it might be liable to proceedings for conspiracy. It might also be possible, by modern blood-tests, to prove that the husband was *not* the father; but such tests are not compulsory.

adultery and a child is conceived during the period ? Should the husband condone the adultery and does he commit an offence under the Perjury Act if he registers himself as the father of such a child when in fact paternity is in irresolvable doubt ? On the contrary, in default of evidence that the husband *could not* have been the father, would not the law refuse to declare the child illegitimate ? Unless the deliberate mixing of semen is itself a criminal offence it is not easy to see the legal difference between the two cases. The moral difference may be real and, for the legal view, *intention* may be decisive. But then the non-legal mind will not find it easy to perceive the principle by which intention is vital in this matter while being irrelevant when defining what constitutes adultery. What appears to be a further inconsistency is the alleged possibility that even the existence of a child born solely by A.I.H., if there had been a total wilful refusal of normal intercourse, might not be a bar to nullity proceedings.

Should cases which turn upon or involve A.I.D. come before the courts, the legal status of the practice, and so of the consequences of engaging in it, may be modified by judicial decisions ; or, if the practice became widespread, the law might be altered. If so, the legal objections to it would disappear. But meanwhile those objections, plus the serious one that morality requires that the law be obeyed unless it enjoins what conscience condemns, will be regarded as so formidable as to be prohibitive by considering and responsible citizens. From this point of view, if A.I.D. is to be tolerable, with the one exception that the identity of married couple and donor should not be known to each other, all concealment should be abandoned and the truth be made available to all with a legal or moral right to know it. For secrecy entails other unfortunate and important consequences. In proportion as birth by A.I.D. became common, so registration records would become worthless alike as evidence of parentage and for the study of heredity. There would also be the serious and increasing risk of marriage of half-brothers to half-sisters, and such unconscious incest could be avoided only by belated disclosure of the truth which in a very large number of cases could not, and in some others would not, then be ascertained. Such alliances would be null and void if the truth were discovered, and the physical, eugenic and sociological results of these unions are quite unpredictable and might be disastrous. There is also the deceiving of grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, all of whom together with other people, in civilized societies, have a right to reliable knowledge of identity and true relationship.

Many with a genuine concern for the welfare of society would be mainly interested in the eugenic, psychological and social effects of resort to A.I.D. The plain truth, however, is that at present the practice has been sufficient neither in scale nor duration to afford

evidence of any worth. Speculation is easy but probably equally fallacious ; and whether the results of A.I.D. are good or evil or mixtures of both should be admitted as fact only upon empirical proof.* So far as the artificial insemination of unmarried women is concerned, it is not desirable to increase the number of children reared only by a mother and having no known father. Disclosure to a child or adolescent that he or she had been born by A.I.D. might easily have unhappy or disastrous psychological consequences ; on the other hand they need not be more harmful than those of the disclosure which adoption requires, and might well be less. After all, children are not born with innate ideas about such matters. Again, it is easy to imagine that a later rift between husband and wife might be widened if a child had been born to her by A.I.D. but, assuming mental balance, both having freely consented to such a birth neither could make a grievance of it, and if they were not mentally balanced there would probably be trouble anyhow, as there often is when there are normally conceived offspring. It is also important, since it seems to be a fact, that for normal persons the brief episode of insemination soon comes to count for very little in comparison with the constant experience of the cares, duties and joys of parentage ; and the relation of the A.I.D. child to an apparent father who has desired its existence is closer than that of the children of a widow whom he may marry. The secrecy of A.I.D. and the fact that the episode of insemination is soon forgotten tell heavily against scientific observation of psychological and social consequences : investigation and follow-up studies would emphasize what it is desired to minimize. Anyhow, nothing is yet established about such consequences.

The Christian must and will consider A.I.D. and its implications from the standpoint of Christian ethics. Few now consider it impious to interfere with or to control the operations of natural processes by the exercise of human intelligence.† In fact the pendulum has swung dangerously in the other direction, and few

* The psychological and social results of constant breaches of the law in such matters, and of the knowledge that it is so broken, must be bad. For this reason I disagree with the recommendation of the Archbishop's commission that A.I.D. should be made a criminal offence. If (as seems doubtful) it is so already, such legislation is unnecessary. Such a law could not wholly stop the practice, the technique of which is simple, even if it had the whole-hearted support of the medical profession, which it seems it would not have. Law which prohibits and affects to punish what it cannot effectively prevent is bad law.

† Roman Catholic and other "Catholic" ethics of sex teach that it is sinful to separate the sex act as an expression of love from its possible consequence of insemination or, as some would put it, between the private and the social aspects of sex. This is perhaps not uninfluenced by the desire to increase the numerical strength of Catholicism. There was also an idea that this world would end when the number of God's Elect was complete and that man must not interfere with the natural processes by which the Divine plan would be accomplished. For those for whom ecclesiastical authority is not decisive and the sufficient ground of its own precepts, the whole approach is different. They may well recognize that the Church has upheld the highest standard of marriage but are often convinced that this has been supported by teaching about the nature of sex which is unhealthy and in some respects harmful. It behoves Christians to be cautious before launching absolute condemnations of new activities in the matter of sex.

will disagree with Dr. Fisher in his view that modern man is too ready to assume, without serious inquiry, that what he can do he may do. The frightful folly and evil of this attitude is clear beyond doubt from the destructive possibilities in the use of atomic energy. Man's use of his powers, if his civilization is not to perish, must be subject to some kind of moral law. The Christian must use them in accordance with what he knows or reasonably believes to be the will of God, and about A.I.D. the ultimate question he will ask is whether resort to it can ever be justified or whether it is always morally wrong.

The "Theological Statement" in the Report of the commission on A.I.D. is its longest section. Its conclusion is clearer than some of the argument constructed to lead to it.* It is true that the Divine will is made known by revelation, if such there be, and is in part discerned by the apprehension of general moral principles. An alleged third source of such knowledge—"the internal structure and inherent purpose" of a particular thing of which man has use, gives no unambiguous guidance about the rightness or wrongness of A.I.D. It might well lead a normal healthy woman whom no man happens to have sought in marriage or who has inadvertently married a sterile husband to conclude that her primary biological urge to motherhood is not by these accidental circumstances rendered either pathological or inordinate and that she is intended by the Creator to have children either by intercourse or by A.I.D. It is true that morality often requires the restraint of impulses, but "the particular structure and natural function of the sex organs" in no way indicate the nature or the extent of the restraint morally necessary.

I agree with Dr. W. R. Matthews that the relation of Christian theology to Christian ethic is not the simple one that the ethic is deduced from the theology; that it is not so simple follows from the fact that the moral conscience and its judgments afford one ground (not the solely sufficient ground) of ethical Theism; and, as personality develops, *any* ethic must commend itself to conscience, or else both the ethic and any theology really implied by it will be rejected. In any event the ethics of the Gospels are prior to any theological statements having a direct bearing upon A.I.D., however much theology may be implied by those ethics. Theology is a human construction partly built upon alleged revelation but is not itself the revelation.

How possibilities of new human actions stand in relation to a moral principle laid down when these possibilities were undreamt of

*Of the five clerical members the most distinguished philosophical theologian was Dr. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's. Though he did not differ from his colleagues about the proper Christian attitude to A.I.D. in present circumstances, he thought further knowledge and study were desirable before pronouncing an absolute condemnation of it in all circumstances. He therefore felt unable to sign the report and said that the Theological Statement might have been written by men who had never heard of evolution. With these judgments I agree.

is a matter for human thought, for which practical consequences are relevant. All principles must be related to facts. For instance, an ideal principle or standard of marriage, which may rightly be also a rule of practice so long as the ratio of the sexes does not greatly vary from what it was when the principle was enunciated, might well become impracticable and inconsistent with other manifest duties if the sex ratio should reach a disparity of anything like two to one : monogamy and the family in its present form could not survive in such a society. The form of the family may change and it is not necessarily a sufficient condemnation of a new practice that it would involve a new or an additional pattern of human relationships.

Again, Christians are not bound to accept the materialism of the legal definition of adultery and so to stigmatize with an evil name something very different from its usual signification. Husband and wife enter into a contract with each other and therefore with the society in which they thus form a new unit ; and if they both agree to a brief modification of their contract in one particular, and in order to achieve one of the primary purposes of making it, that is surely something which (whether morally justified or not) is morally very different from the betrayal of trust which adultery involves. In A.I.D. there is no disloyalty to a partner, no sexual passion and sensual pleasure (the normal motive in adultery*), and it is undertaken solely in order to achieve the one result which in adultery it is desired to avoid. To brand as adultery a process which eliminates every spiritual and physical constituent of adultery except the receiving of seed (which is generally nowadays excluded in adultery)—this may be sound legal judgment in the existing state of the law, but it seems to me sound in no other respect. The main practical consequence of its acceptance by Christian teachers will be a derisory rejection of anything, including anything more sound, they may have to say against A.I.D.

If it is important that A.I.D. should be discouraged or forbidden it is hardly less important that this should be done for the right reason. I cannot think the theologians of the Archbishop's commission are either right or wise when they regard it as a conclusive argument that A.I.D. is *moral* no less than legal adultery on the ground that "where there is the giving and receiving of seed, there is an act of intercourse." It might be argued that if all the personal and all the other physical elements in adultery are eliminated, the utterly impersonal and mechanical giving and receiving of semen does not differ, *in itself and in essence*, from the giving and receiving of blood. What requires to be shown, if the former is to be condemned and the latter approved, is the essential theological or moral difference

* Though I think the proposition is strictly *nonsense*, some theologians have held that original sin is transmitted by impure desire or concupiscence ; they should welcome a method of human generation which at least reduces this "evil" to a minimum !

between the impersonal initiation of a human life and the impersonal preservation of it.

It is from the basic faith and belief that the cosmos is no mere mechanical-geometrical scheme "but an adventure of divine love", and that man is the child of God's love, that there follow the value and the sacredness which Christians attribute to human personality and which so largely determine Christian ethics. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law," is the one *absolute* Christian ethical principle. There are others, but they are derivative or subordinate or both, and in changing circumstances may have to be modified or varied in application in order to actualize the absolute principle. In its light, how does A.I.D. appear?

If all criminal action and deceit were eliminated from A.I.D. and its consequences, and no prejudice to the interests of others was involved in it, we should be left with the facts that by its use the welfare of an otherwise childless wife is promoted and that her husband also benefits from a happier marriage; arguments to the contrary rest on conjectural possibilities; a real home of husband, wife and child is created, which again is fact while suggestions that the child will later suffer psychologically are speculation. From such results society also benefits. On the other hand it is difficult if not impossible to know in advance what would be the later consequences for society and smaller human relationships from an extensive use of A.I.D. And in cases where frustration of the desire to bear a child leads to "a grave mental condition, bordering on breakdown", judgment on compassionate grounds may well be given pause by the doubt whether such women are eugenically or psychologically desirable mothers. Many more disciplined couples find a bond of greater devotion in their shared disappointment, and when the position is accepted with understanding the desire for parenthood can be directed into other socially valuable channels of activity, with a large measure of satisfaction; while common prudence should prescribe a thorough medical examination before matrimony, which would either greatly reduce the number of sterile marriages or ensure their acceptance with foreknowledge.

It seems to me that there is but one theological ground of objection to A.I.D. but I think it is decisive. It is the fundamental principle of Christian belief that God is love and our common Father from which springs the dignity of human personality. This requires its correlative principle that children should be born of the love of their parents. In A.I.D. the purely material and mechanical element in procreation is separated, and not temporarily but absolutely separated, from the organic and personal lives of the two persons involved. And A.I.D. itself protests that this is wrong by what is regarded as essential in its practice, namely, that the inseminated wife and the donor of seed

shall remain ignorant of each other's identity. Why should they ? Because otherwise the responsible donor and the maternal woman are too deeply involved in procreation to regard their relationship with detachment. Their action is tolerable only because every personal aspect of it is eliminated. In the preservation of life by blood-donation it is merely a matter of efficient convenience, in no way essential, that donor and recipient are unknown to each other ; whereas in A.I.D. human life is initiated as the result of a momentary mechanical process entirely divorced from the spiritual, mental, emotional and physical lives of its parents. If extensively practised it would inevitably degrade the whole conception of personality and intensify that tendency towards the reduction of life to mechanism which is one of the most sinister features of our time. This, in my judgment, should be the ultimately determining consideration. Equally with a worthy notion of God, the essential dignity of ethical personality is vital to sound religion ; it is absolutely necessary if the Christian or any worthy standard of marriage, family life and human relationships is to be maintained. Whether this basic principle is so gravely injured in all circumstances of resort to A.I.D. as to condemn the practice as always morally wrong is a question which may require further evidence to decide ; but what cannot be in doubt is that the basic principle is best maintained, perhaps eventually only to be maintained at all, as children are born only of the married love of their parents.

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PALESTINE 1949

BY OWEN TWEEDY

THE first book of the new "Chronicles" of Palestine is now closed. It covered the story of the British Mandate up to the meeting of the United Nations at Lake Success in November 1947. Then by a two-thirds majority vote the General Assembly approved a scheme of partition dividing the tiny country into no less than eight segments. Now another book—the first book of the "Kings—and Presidents" has begun and already a Sovereign State of Israel has been proclaimed and has been recognized *inter alios* by the governments of the United States and of Russia. But the achievement of the precise application of the 1947 partition scheme is still fully testing the powers and the patience of the United Nations ; and it is perhaps indicative of a feeling of fundamental uneasiness among the members of their political committee that when a final proposal was put to them in Paris last December to refer the legal position of Palestine to the International Court of Justice, twenty-one of them voted for and twenty-one against—a division which by the standing rules of UNO constituted the rejection of the motion. In the end the two months' deliberations in Paris produced a regurgitation of the Lake Success decisions and an urgent but vague set of instructions to the UNO Commission in Palestine calling on it to arrange and enforce an armistice in the Negeb or, at any rate, a cease-fire order. But Dr. Bunche, the acting Commissioner, cannot work miracles. For, with armies here, there and everywhere, those neatly parcelled Lake Success segments have almost dissolved. The Syrian and Lebanese forces are static where they started last May. The Egyptians in a state of considerable disarray sprawl precariously and with large intervening gaps from Bethlehem to Hebron and on to Gaza and Rafa. The Transjordan Arab Legion and the Iraqi contingent in the Judæan and Samaritan hills firmly hold the Jerusalem-Tulkarm-Jenin triangle. And elsewhere the Jewish strength has seeped everywhere including all Galilee and, in the south, almost all the Negeb except a coastal strip south of Gaza.

Within this Jewish-held area the Israeli Government has put into force the plans which the Jewish Agency had prudently worked out in preparation for the end of the British Mandate. To-day the Tel Aviv Government has an organized administration. Jewish courts are working ; there are Jewish departments of finance, foreign affairs,

posts, telegraphs and telephones, railways, public works, education, police, immigration and antiquities; there are two wireless stations—Kol Israel and Kol Hierushalayim (the Voices of Israel and Jerusalem); the full Hebrew press is appearing; so also the English *Palestine Post* in Jerusalem; and a new Arabic daily newspaper *El Yom* (the Day) is being printed and edited by Jews in Jaffa. Finally there is, of course, the Israeli war office.

The State of Israel inherited from the past three separate Jewish para-military unofficial organizations: the Haganah, a large, well-equipped force; secondly, the Irgun Zwi Leumi, a smaller body organized for sheer terrorism on commando or shock troops lines; lastly the Stern Gang, a gangster formation specially trained for murder. It has now been proscribed by the Israeli authorities. In addition since the Mandate ended, a large number of men specially trained in Hungary and elsewhere behind the iron curtain, have been brought to Palestine and absorbed in the new Jewish Army. The total Jewish fighting strength is not known. Some estimates are as high as 110,000 men and women. To-day they are much better equipped and armed than the Arabs. Most of the material comes from Czechoslovakia where it was purchased with Jewish dollars subscribed in America. The troops have been competently led under a unified command and have fought with a vivid appreciation of what they were fighting for. For each man knew that defeat would be personally disastrous to every Jewish man, woman and child in Palestine.

Israeli military operations were based on Tel Aviv and on the shallow Jewish bridgehead along the Mediterranean Coast; and this militarily unfavourable position undoubtedly dictated their strategy. For the only possible tactics from bridgeheads are to get on or get out. So from the outset it has been a case of: "Military necessity knows no law" and, following this maxim, the Lake Success frontiers have been violated with impunity. This conception that the means justified the ends—for all that it was tantamount to the military tail wagging the political dog—has so far suited Israeli politics perfectly and, in its realization all Galilee has been overrun; Haifa has been secured as a reinforcement base; Jaffa is now a Jewish town; so also Nazareth and Beersheba; and the eastern Negeb has been occupied down to the gulf of Akaba.

These Israeli successes have created great natural enthusiasm in Jewish Palestine. To give an idea of its strength and tone, I append an extract from a letter which I received a month ago from a Jewish friend in Jerusalem—a middle-aged scholar who has lived in Palestine for twenty years. He wrote:

The ancient nation of Israel, my Jewish people, has built its State despite tremendous difficulties in the way. Eventually the Arab countries will have to

recognize it as a powerful element of peace, order and prosperity in the Middle East. I do believe in that and I believe in the justice of history. After the awful ordeal the Jewish people has gone through during a long sequence of ages culminating in the massacre during the Second World War, Jews had the absolute right to conquer a place of their own and to set up their independent national existence. I said "to conquer". But we were not out for any conquests. As the world knows, we wanted peace and friendship with the Arabs and we shall continue to strive for peace and friendship with them. They attacked us and compelled us to fight and the Jewish youth fought victoriously back.

But Israel's military effort is not her only pre-occupation. A constitution has to be written and promulgated, and the flow of immigration has to be co-ordinated with the new State's resources. The provisional Government expects a majority in the first Israeli elections. But it is not reassuring for the fulfilment of the UNO policy or for the future peace of the Middle East that Doctor Weizmann, the new Israeli President, has already said publicly that it was inconceivable that the new Jewish City of Jerusalem which according to the UNO scheme of Partition (which Israel has accepted) would be included in the special International Zone, should be placed under *foreign* rule. Again there are disturbing indications of the ventilation of a forward policy extending Jewish settlement eastwards into Transjordan. There are indeed many signs of the growth in Jewish public opinion in Palestine and abroad of a superiority complex *vis à vis* the Gentiles, Christians and Moslems alike, which does not flinch at thumbing its nose at the United Nations when its instructions do not suit the Jewish book or at Britain when Britain can be safely and cheaply flaunted as, for instance, in the case of the recent scandalous so-called "British spy trial", or when British policy opposes maximum Jewish demands.

Doctor Bunche is faced with a very different problem among the Arabs. The whole Arab League is involved in the Palestine struggle and its representatives at Lake Success and in Paris have pleaded eloquently and with unanimity the Arab case against partition. But this unanimity of purpose has been less happy closer home. From the outset of operations a disastrous atmosphere of haphazard over-optimism prevailed. Divided command led to military errors—some disastrous—and they in their turn quickly bred incohesion and indecision in the field. Worse still, ammunition and stores quickly proved inadequate and ran short without there being either the funds or the organizations or the opportunity to replace expenditure and losses. For unlike the Jews who openly from America financed purchases for Palestine from Czechoslovakia, the Arabs found themselves barred from the armament markets of the west by UNO prohibitions.

And with conditions in the field thus deteriorating, cracks began to appear in the political unity of the Arab League. In September last

the Palestine Arab Higher Committee, of which the notorious Mufti of Jerusalem is the leader, announced the formation of a 'Palestine Government' at Gaza. It was recognized by Egypt but promptly denounced by King Abdulla of Transjordan. Two months later a somewhat nebulous Arab Conference in Jericho invited King Abdulla to proclaim himself King of all Palestine and Transjordan. The Egyptian riposte was a personal message from King Farouk of Egypt, forcibly backed by the Grand Ulema of El Azhar University in Cairo, urging all members of the Arab League to persuade King Abdulla to ignore the Jericho resolutions which could only imperil Arab unity and the case of Palestine. These manoeuvres did little good to their sponsors or to Egyptian-Transjordan relations. But they must have been most welcome to the Jews. For the Jews need peace badly and these discussions among their opponents may offer an opening for separate negotiations between Israel and one or other Arab State acting independently of its allies. Such a development would not only secure a degree of Arab recognition of the new Jewish State, but would also signify the revival of those personal and dynastic jealousies which could only harm if not destroy the Arab League.

A month ago a Palestinian Arab, whom I had known for years in Jerusalem, came to see me. He was a refugee—workless, homeless and hopeless. He had few illusions as to the evil which was boding for Palestinian Arabs like himself. "What we needed was an Eisenhower," he said. "The men were there and the money, the arms and the enthusiasm ; but there was no plan and no authority and everything was at sixes and sevens. We wouldn't have minded so much being defeated by you British or by the French or even by the Italians. But the disgrace of being beaten by the Jews !" He then went on to tell me of the mood of the thousands of other young refugees from Palestine. All they had now to look forward to was the alternative of remaining in other Arab countries—strangers and unwanted ; or returning to their homes on terms dictated from Tel Aviv. "And", he continued, "every day Jewish confidence and arrogance grow, their terms become harsher, their designs an ever greater threat to the Middle East. Are they not already on the Gulf of Akaba pointing the sword of conquest at Mecca and are they not aiming at Suez and the Canal ?" My friend emphasized that the only hope for the future lay among Arab youth. Sooner or later he felt, that among them would arise out of this present misery a Mustapha Kemal or a Zaghlul "and then we shall go back on our own terms and collect our families and live again in our own homes which the Jews are now filling with their Communist immigrants." As I listened, I knew that what he was saying to me, other Palestinian refugees—men and women, old and young, in Egypt, the Lebanon,

Syria and Transjordan—were repeating to each other day in, day out.

The total number of Arab “displaced persons” which is the Arab definition of the refugees, is now computed to be 600,000. The majority of these homeless families—including the populations of Jaffa, Acre and Nazareth—fled in panic after details became public of the gruesome massacre by Irgun Zwi Leumi and the Stern Gang of the inhabitants of Deir Yasin, an Arab village near Jerusalem. The number has been further swollen by the forcible evacuation by victorious Jewish troops of the Arab inhabitants of Arab villages to make room for incoming Zionist immigrants of whom 35,000 have already been so accommodated.

The plight of these “displaced” Palestinians is lamentable. For no Arab Government was geared to deal with relief on the scale which, for instance, faced Transjordan last summer. The total population of Transjordan is 300,000 and over 100,000 refugees were thrust on its budget and resources. A recently returned Englishman has told me how for miles and miles the roadside fields from Jerusalem to Nablus and in the Vale of Amman in Transjordan were crammed with derelict families. Some had head-cover, some had none ; hygiene was almost impossible ; a group of Arab welfare workers had organized sparse food-rationing services, but water was scarce and had to be man-carried and medical services were hopelessly overworked. That was in October when the weather was still mild ; and since then some cover in the shape of army tents has been provided and £7,500,000 for relief has been voted by the United Nations though it will not be properly effective until well on in the spring. Now in February, which is one of the worst months in Palestine and Transjordan, the state of these unfortunate people must be awful. It is a grim thought that all this is one of the results of providing a home in Palestine for displaced Jewish persons from Europe. And grimmer still is the reflection that up to April last year these 600,000 homeless Arab Palestinians were living securely in their own homes under the British Mandate.

Meantime the Israeli Government has its own internal problems to solve. To understand them a short excursion into the past is necessary. The economic basis of the Jewish National Home (how archaic the term sounds to-day !) was the close settlement of Jewish immigrants on the land and, secondly, an industrialization policy which would create a Jewish manufacturing emporium in Palestine for the hitherto undeveloped Arab Middle East. Under the British Mandate some 600,000 Jewish immigrants settled in the country—many of them used to far higher European standards of living than Palestine could afford. So to bridge the gap, this new Jewish life in

Palestine had to be subsidized heavily by Jewish charity from abroad. The Zionists had hoped that gradually the development of local industry would make this new Jewish society self-supporting ; and the Dead Sea potash works, the orange industry, and the cement and the soap and oil factories are promising. But Palestine has no raw materials for other industries—no coal or (as yet) oil : poor water supplies ; no mineral wealth. Thus the local industries which needed these elements, have not thriven. Again close settlement on the land has been prejudiced by insufficient water supplies—so much so indeed that an official Jewish survey has warned against the danger of the exhaustion of the available Jewish irrigation water reserves on the coastal plain owing to overtapping to meet the needs of new settlements in waterless areas. Again, too, the violence of Arab-Jewish political tension has not only physically endangered further settlement ; but has also inspired an effective Middle East Arab boycott of Zionist goods which has seriously affected the expansion of local Jewish industries. But the flow of immigrants continued and the strain on Jewish economy tightened. I remember a strike of teachers in the Jewish-controlled and financed schools because salaries were seven months in arrears. The cause was the non-arrival of charity funds from abroad. The remedy was an intensified collecting campaign in New York and Johannesburg. That was in the 'thirties. To-day the Jewish economic situation is even more serious. The rate of immigration has gone up. In the first eleven months of last year 92,000 new settlers arrived. Most of them arrived trained for war and were absorbed in the Jewish military effort. But ultimately they will have to be absorbed and financed somewhere somehow in civil life. And meantime industrial development is stagnant. These newcomers will be a testing liability on the young State.

Another Israeli problem derives from the statement in the Balfour Declaration that "nothing should be done which might prejudice . . . the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country (than Palestine)." This stipulation was originally included on the instance of Jews in New York and London who demanded guarantees that their American and British citizenship should not come into question. I shall not attempt to deal with the question of Jewish nationality which may now arise in western countries which have accepted the Balfour Declaration and have recognized or will recognize the State of Israel. But no Middle East country ever accepted the former and none have hitherto recognized the Israeli State. What therefore is now the position of the Jewish communities in the various Arab countries ? Their numbers are not negligible. In Iraq there are 73,000 Jews ; in Egypt, 63,000 ; in Syria, 30,000 ; and in Libya, 30,000. Now that there is Israeli nationality, will

these Middle East Jews, as foreigners, be given residential permits or asked to leave or admitted to local naturalization as Egyptians, etc. ? The decision rests with the Arab Governments. But the problem is over three thousand years old. I quote from Exodus I., verses 8-10 :

Now there arose up a new king over Egypt who knew not Joseph. And he said unto his people, Behold the people of the children of Israel. They are more and mightier than we ; come let us deal wisely with them lest they multiply and it comes to pass when there falleth out any war, they also join themselves unto our enemies and fight against us. . . .

Lastly anti-Semitism. It has persisted through the ages down to to-day. Indeed barely a month ago in his winding-up speech at the Church House inquiry the Attorney-General pointedly stressed its ominous and insidious dangers. For this state of affairs Jewish publicity—official and unofficial and, in America, uncontrolled and apparently uncontrollable—must be held partly responsible. Mr. Ben Hecht referred publicly to Count Bernadotte's murder as that " of an ass who is not worthy of so fine a death." And shortly after, a reception committee in New York fêted the arrival of the Chief of Staff of the Irgun Zwi Leumi which has on its conscience the murder of many an Englishman and the Arab massacre at Deir Yasin. Then for years Zionist politicians and publicists never wearied in proclaiming that " Jewry had lost all confidence in the British Mandate." To-day a similar comment is beginning to be heard about the United Nations. And the normal signal for such an outburst has been and is a refusal or inability to accept some Zionist demand. For it is, alas, very true that a certain type of political Jew dubs as anti-Semites all who disagree with his wishes. There are, of course, thousands of Jews of wider vision—especially in this country—who deplore these outbursts ; but in these days of extreme Zionist exaltation their voices carry no distance. This exaltation is natural. But it is also dangerous. Never was a people so in need of friends as the Jewish people. This is specially true of the Middle East where the economic and social destinies of the State of Israel, willy-nilly, ultimately rest on Jewish ability to win the friendship and the confidence of the Arabs. Failure to do this can only prolong unrest and misery in those parts and sow germs of racial, colour and religious discord all the world over. And it is discord of this kind that the United Nations was formed to prevent.

TAKE NEWFOUNDLAND, FOR EXAMPLE . . .

BY GRACE BUTT

FOR some time Newfoundland had been passing through a political upset which came to a climax last July when, as a result of a final national referendum, 52 per cent. of the population which went to the polls voted in favour of this oldest of the British colonies entering into the Canadian Federation. These brief facts were probably as much as were understood by the outside world about a small country whose affairs rarely make headline news—in spite of a geographical position of strategic importance to the defence of the Western hemisphere.

There can be few Newfoundlanders who are not in agreement with the principle of the unification of national States, particularly in the interests of smaller States like Newfoundland. They realize that there are two great advantages : the added protection provided by united action backed by an over-all military effectiveness—in a world where neutrality is neither safe nor even perhaps justified ; and the swifter exploitation and distribution of natural wealth through the increased availability of capital and the means for mass production—both of which go with intensity of population. Such advantages, it is important to add, act in reciprocal fashion, so that neither party is overwhelmingly the benefactor or the benefited. Nevertheless there are numbers of Newfoundlanders agreeing with confederation in principle, whose sense of true democracy has been offended by the methods and motives employed to bring about a marriage of convenience by which one party surrenders herself because of parental pressure and for the sake of security, and the other is agreeable because of the dowry and of the prospect of increased standing through enlarged property and a growing family in the community of nations. For Newfoundlanders who deplored such motives it was especially offensive to watch the antics of the parent of the bride crudely and openly pushing her into the arms of her lover—who, it must be added, continued to maintain a sense of decorum compatible with his wish that, before union should take place, Newfoundland should indicate her willingness, as the Prime Minister of Canada expressed it, “clearly and beyond all possibility of misunderstanding.”

Organized opposition to confederation with Canada by such methods and from such motives is still active. That this opposition is basing its case for the immediate restoration of responsible govern-

ment to Newfoundland on legal lines, and that the expression of its resentment has not been more bitter and uncontrolled is largely due to the fact that some of the objectors are not sure but that this impending marriage between Canada and Newfoundland may turn out over the years to be a good thing, in spite of the means which will have brought it about. It is true that the weaker contracting party will have entered the union at a disadvantage : she will be admired more for what she possesses than for what she is, and within herself she will not feel the confident assurance of her ability to fulfil her obligations that only a maturity of self-control and self-achievement can give. Still, these objectors argue, her partner may prove magnanimous enough to encourage Newfoundland to expand both spiritually and economically.

On the other hand, some objectors stubbornly insist that nothing right can come of a wrong, and that the future will prove it. Countries like persons, they believe, must in time reap the fruits of their greed or timidity or irresponsibility ; and the history of countries, like the case history of families, shows the inevitable results in succeeding generations of their forebears' stupidity or sickness or passivity. Many have signed a petition which the Responsible Government League is to present to the House of Commons in England, protesting against the means used to bring confederation about, and praying for the immediate restoration of Responsible Government.

To appreciate the opposers' claim that the choice of union was not a free one, it must be understood that Newfoundland has been under direct British rule for the last fourteen years. A self-governing colony which had not gone quite so far as to sign the Statute of Westminster and thus become a full-fledged Dominion, Newfoundland came a cropper in the financial *débâcle* of the early 'thirties. Bankruptcy was averted by an appeal for assistance to the mother country. But the price was the surrender of self-government. Government by a commission was set up, the membership of which consisted half of Englishmen and half of Newfoundlanders, with the Governor as chairman. All were appointed by the British Government and were answerable to the British Government for their actions. The arrangement was temporary, as was indicated by the phrase embodied in the legal instrument of change (the Newfoundland Act, 1933) to the effect that, as soon as the island's difficulties were overcome and the country was again self-supporting, Responsible Government on request from the people of Newfoundland, would be restored. The island eventually became self-supporting, as a result of the internal defence activities and external food requirements arising out of the 1939-1945 war, and there was some agitation for the re-establishment of Newfoundland's former status.

But instead, England arranged for a national convention of elected

Newfoundlanders to meet in order to examine the island's financial and economic position and make recommendations on her future form of government. The convention reported unanimously that the island was, and had been for several years, and was likely to be in the foreseeable future, self-supporting. It recommended that the people should be given the opportunity to choose, by plebiscite, whether they wanted the continuance of government by commission or the return of Responsible Government. This recommendation was not unanimous, for in the meantime an active minority within the convention had been agitating for confederation with Canada. A motion was made that this, as a third choice, be placed before the people. Although the motion was defeated by 29 to 16, by almost two-thirds of the Assembly, the third choice was not discarded.

The referendum was held, and first choice went to the return to Responsible Government, with confederation with Canada a good second, and government by commission a bad third. This eliminated the last, and necessitated a second referendum, with each of the two remaining factions hoping to obtain a majority of the 'commission' vote to swell its own.

Just before the holding of the second referendum an event took place which strengthened the suspicions of those who now had the gravest doubts as to the impartiality of the part England was playing in Newfoundland's decision. Two members of the Commission Government, which as the agent of the British Government in Newfoundland had made all arrangements pertaining to the national convention and the subsequent referenda, now gave public support to the cause of confederation. Each of these members, while retaining his office in the commission, gave a public broadcast (which was recorded and repeated) on behalf of confederation and under the auspices of the Newfoundland and confederation party. Whether, as their opponents claim, the weight of their influence—which as persons in posts of high authority and responsibility would not be inconsiderable—was sufficient to tip the scales in favour of confederation would be hard to ascertain. Their behaviour, however, as members of an official body which had been and would again be called upon to make decisions whose impartiality could only be guaranteed by aloofness from involvement in the issue, was considered by many Newfoundlanders to be censurable in the highest degree. The silent condoning of their action by the British Government was regarded by many in Newfoundland as an indication of imperialistic motives, an example of the kind of power-politics which makes a farce of the so-called freedom of smaller nations to choose their own political destiny, while aiding and abetting the continuance of the 'balance of power' struggle between the bigger nations and thereby endangering the attainment of world peace.

The second and final Newfoundland referendum was held on July 22 and as a result the country was split, almost but not quite, in half. With the willingness of the British Government to consider the wishes of a minority over the decision of the national convention still fresh in their minds, the Responsible Government group protested in telegrams to, among others, the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, against confederation "by any other means than free negotiations of terms by an elected government of Newfoundland." Also, since the 52 per cent. favouring confederation constituted only 43 per cent. of the total population eligible to vote, the Responsible Government group felt this could not be regarded as a clear indication of Newfoundland's desire for union, and the League requested the Prime Minister of Canada to receive their representatives for a discussion of the matter. The Canadian Prime Minister referred this request to the Commission of Government for its official approval which was withheld. A similar request to the Secretary for Commonwealth Relations in England was rejected by him.

Meanwhile, on July 31 an official British announcement stated that the British Government had been in communication with the Canadian Government and had "ascertained that the Canadian Government are willing to proceed with the arrangements for the entry of Newfoundland into the Canadian confederation" and that "the British Government for their part as the government at present responsible for the administration of Newfoundland under the Newfoundland Act of 1933 are in agreement with this."

A delegation of seven men to proceed to Ottawa to conclude the arrangements of union was *appointed* by the chairman of the Commission of Government, that is, by the Governor—presumably with the advice of his colleagues, two of whom at least were known to favour confederation. No member of the Responsible Government League was included in the appointments. Thus was a marriage arranged. But what of the bride? Divided in her mind, one part of her is conscious that somehow she is betraying herself; she is prompted by fear of the future, and a desire to be assured of material security at all costs.

In Newfoundland to-day, as elsewhere, the person who questions the wisdom of placing material security above everything else is regarded as peculiar by many so-called progressives. They say he is not really interested in social progress, that is, in the poor or the frustrated. He is made to appear guilty of nothing less than the betrayal of the ideal of "the brotherhood of man." This attitude branded the opponents of confederation with Canada, during the political activity which preceded the referenda, as unprogressive conservatives, re-actionaries, supporters of the upper classes (which in Newfoundland means the 'merchant' class).

The chief appeal of the leading confederates in Newfoundland was undeniably the opportunity for sharing in the great social benefits which had been instituted fairly recently in Canada. These include generous increases in old age pensions, and the granting of family allowances. The scheme would guarantee a certain distribution of wealth—by means of a very elaborate system of taxation—to the children and old people who are relatively helpless to aid themselves. Few, if any, Newfoundlanders but felt the justice of this, and few would not favour its application in some form or other in their own country. At the same time, they were not blinding themselves to the necessity for improving social conditions, when they asked themselves what it would cost to acquire these benefits.

Many Newfoundlanders came to the conclusion that the price would be a heavy one. Apart from the necessary introduction of a system of taxation alien to Newfoundland's peculiar conditions there would be the loss which for lack of a more accurate word has been called a 'moral' one. The use of the words 'moral' and 'immoral' at the time of the referenda was not infrequent and was probably unfortunate because it set up an unintended antithesis between what was for many people old-fashioned, authoritative, and even superstitious and what was realistically progressive and in the interests of the common man. In view of its very real meaning during the war, the word which might have had more meaning in an age as cynical as our own is 'morale'. The people were being urged to take advantage of something which had nothing to do with their own efforts; as the phrase had it at the time "we were to get something for nothing." The other part of the price, according to those who felt that the 'morale' of a people was of tremendous importance, also constituted a moral defeat: it was to give up independence before Newfoundlanders had proved to the world and, more importantly, to themselves that they could, out of themselves, make a success of regained self-government.

Those who were opposed to fear as a basis for confederation, replied to the extremely pessimistic view that Newfoundland was by natural conditions a poor country which in the end could not exist decently without outside aid, by pointing to the reports of the national convention which indicated that the country was financially sound, and had better prospects for its economic future than ever before since the world needed her still undeveloped resources. Given the 'morale' Newfoundlanders would, they felt, not only develop spiritually precisely because they were doing so by their own efforts, but also economically, because the wealth existed and all that was needed was the will to obtain the skill and, if necessary, outside capital to develop it. Just as importantly, Newfoundland was bound to develop socially, because it too was part of a socially-

minded world concerned with a more equitable distribution of wealth and a greater assurance of security.

All this implied the acceptance by Newfoundlanders of personal responsibility for sharing the burdens of development—in the field of labour, or productive enterprise, or public service, or external trade, or internal culture—whether they be labourers, merchants, civil servants, statesmen or poets.

But fear reminded Newfoundlanders that there had always been a struggle throughout their history against the hardships imposed by nature and man, that their present prosperity should be regarded as only part of the well-known prosperity-depression cycle, that they had not been able to cope with their national difficulties back in 1933, and that England had now said that she could no longer help them. Besides, was not the small nation powerless, over a period, to resist the economic as well as the imperialistic pressures of the larger powers? And as for the individual, was not he, too, powerless to achieve true independence within the intricacies of the present-day social machinery? Was struggle worth-while, after all? The wonder of it is, perhaps, that in succumbing to the current desire for material security at all costs, almost half of this little country resisted.

How many wept for Newfoundland on the day when it was learned that rather more than half of the people had voted to surrender her independence it would be hard to say. But those who felt a sense of great loss were not necessarily hostile toward Canada and not by any means unwilling to admit that union with Canada would be genuinely advantageous to both countries. Yet they did feel that the conditions under which Newfoundland was now to enter constituted a surrender to influences which should have been resisted, and that she submitted to motives which represent a loss of something precious to her vitality and integrity.

“Something is dead belong to us,” they sadly insist, and we shall bring that loss with us if we join Canada under such circumstances, and because of it we shall be less as Newfoundland-Canadians than we might have been. “Something is dead belong to us,” they say with a certain bitterness, something we believed in, however naïvely: faith in the disinterestedness of her whom we called the mother country and faith in ourselves.

This private tragedy is not without significance in a world where no event exists in isolation. The causes which brought it about and the effects it will have in the future, whether they take the form of a fatalistic apathy on the part of the sufferers or a resentment but delayed in action because it is being nursed, are of concern not only to Newfoundlanders.

(The author, a Newfoundlander, writes from St. John's.)

HUNGARY NOW

BY GEORGE BILAINKIN

THROUGH the tiny microphone the air over the Danube is resonant with the voice of the tall priest in white cassock, who stands erect in his new granite pulpit. Defiantly he exhorts 2,000 Budapest girls, old men, and women who crowd the open space before the Gellert cave church. I watch them across the road from my balcony in the St. Gellert, Hungary's celebrated hotel of the almost forgotten extravagantly gay yesterdays, in a city still sentimentally dear as "Queen of the Danube."

Only a little distance away grey-uniformed police officers, some with automatic rifles at the ready, others with revolvers, smile and chat. The defenders of the third Hungarian Republic—the first was born a century ago and died in 1848, and the second had a brief existence in 1919—seem unnoticed, unconcerned, uninterested. Above the policemen towers dramatically against the sky-line the graceful statue of liberty erected by the victorious Red armies after the liberation of Hungary from the Germans and their allies under Hungary's former régime.

Near the policemen is a lone kiosk where two-day-old London newspapers are on sale, together with weeklies like *Illustrated* and, surprisingly, *The Tablet*, and trade organs. I have not seen the *Daily Worker* here except in the luxurious British Legation, with its hundred or more rooms and giant marble façades on Stalin Square.

Outwardly there are few signs of the bitter conflict between the Roman Catholic Church and the State, which has nationalized Church-sponsored schools and dispossessed the clergy of 1,000,000 acres. The Church has been granted about 27,000 acres out of Hungary's 20,000,000. Pugnacious-looking, passionate-eyed Cardinal Joseph Mindszenty, the pungent writer of frequent pastoral letters, waged his war from the ancient palace in quiet Esztergom, where Hungary's first King, St. Stephen, was born in A.D. 969.

In the two-and-a-half hour audience I had with the Primate, who looked out significantly on the Danube, the frontier with Czechoslovakia, he challenged the State's right to prevent parents from supporting Church-sponsored schools if they wished. This, he thundered, was the Marxists' first step. They censored his weekly paper, and he demanded the right to publish a daily newspaper for

the six million faithful out of Hungary's 9,250,000 citizens.

Soviet Russia, which was attacked by Hitler's ally, Admiral Horthy, has supplied great quantities of raw materials to the new Government and has halved her reparations bill. Budapest affords a telling example of two successive lost wars being won on the fields of peace. Outside Stockholm I have not since the end of the war seen ships more liberally stocked with every kind of food and drink, with rich cream pastries—those notorious saboteurs of the Hungarian waistline—with footwear, clothes, dresses, silks, motor cars and household utensils. Only sugar and bread are rationed.

The tidy, permanent reconstruction, not repatching, of main buildings, offices, houses, roads, tramways, buses and trains has been proceeding and continues at breathless speed. Moreover, hospitals (where foreign medical men eagerly inquire of the newest obstetric invention, Dr. Sandar Lorand's "tocograph", for foretelling the type and time of delivery), schools, a university, nurseries, people's colleges (a revolutionary residential experiment in education at no cost to the 6,000 sons of poor farmers or workers) arise here and there and everywhere.

Tzigane bands play haunting melodies to men and women who spend surprisingly large sums. How it is done by State employees who are paid about 500 or 600 forints—46 equal £1 sterling—I cannot guess. Rents are strictly controlled, and for a two-roomed flat an acquaintance pays under £2 monthly. The mystery in a partly Socialist State (about 700 enterprises have been nationalized, and over 3,000 with fewer than 100 employees remain at present in private hands) are the portly business folk who survive enormous, five-course meals. Often they pay 4s. for soup, 12s. for hors-d'oeuvres, 12s. for fish, and 12s. for goose. Luckily, delicious apricots and peaches are absurdly cheap. But a room with bath marked in one hotel at 66 forints produces a bill with about 40 per cent. added for taxes and allowances.

On the noted Hungarian *pusta* near the Rumanian frontier I listen to the new aristocrats, four of the 1,790,000 small-holders who have been allotted from five to 15 acres; the latter figure is for diplomaed farmers. These descendants of serfs gaze at endless horizons over the *pusta* (which means prairie), while I read the lonely Red Army grave inscription in this midst of nowhere: "Here lies buried Evgeni Obledin, Sergeant, killed by the German occupants."

Fighting has destroyed the major part of Hungary's agricultural implements, half the cattle and horse population and three-quarters of her sheep. All are being replaced. To intensify agriculture under small owners without capital, hundreds of tractor stations are springing up, and in three years 750 will be completed, each stocked with ten home-manufactured tractors, sprayers, threshing-machines, and

other apparatus, together with 25 trained workers.

The four aristocrats are badly-dressed labourers, who looked confidently about the Hortogaby which under the much-discussed three-year-plan operative since August 1947 is to become Hungary's most productive territory. Rice is to be grown following extensive irrigation, and fertiliser and cattle-breeding research.

All four gladly gave details of life and budgets. Jaos Kovacs, aged 26, a Roman Catholic, who lives with his wife and two children on the farm in a flat of two rooms and a pantry, said he and five assistants milk 47 cows three times daily. He begins at 4 a.m., finishes at 6.30 p.m. and is free on alternate Sundays. He also has six days free every six months. His monthly wage is 255 forints (£5 10s.), but he also receives 500lb. of wheat every quarter, the yearly yield from an acre of maize, 20 kilos of bacon, salt, petrol for lighting, vegetables from a quarter-acre, and grazing for a cow or alternatively a litre of milk daily and an additional quarter-litre for every baby or child under 14. Pigs may be kept and up to 60 chickens. Every six months he receives a working suit and strong boots. The nearest little town is ten miles away; the fare is six forints, and he last attended church there at Christmas. "It is the same with me to-day as before the Russian liberation," he told me.

Arva (which means orphan) Ferencz, a Roman Catholic, aged 45, smilingly told me he has ten children, four of them working. He finds life almost the same as before the war, but meat is dearer, so he eats it twice monthly, but bacon oftener.

Borbely Lajos, aged 48, a Protestant, who, as coachman, receives 220 forints and less food allowed free, said he has saved 650 forints since January 1948, and his daughter has taken it to buy a sewing machine. The others have not saved anything, they declared.

Sary Josef, a Roman Catholic, aged 37, with a Protestant wife of 24, and four children, said he hands over the 200 forints to his wife. Interested spectators in the two-room-with-pantry flat entered the bedroom, where the audience included a sprightly wyandotte who remained sitting on her eggs in a clean box. He glanced back at 1942, when he was sent to the Soviet front, and added that he was demobilized in May 1943. He could not understand the war and declared: "I wept when leaving my newly-born boy, I did not approve this business. It was a superfluous affair." He occasionally reads a newspaper given by a neighbour on Sundays. Since their marriage seven years ago they had not been to a cinema. But, "when all goes well in our home there is harmony, and that makes us all happy."

In Budapest, Imre Vajda, who was a company commander in the Red Army during the brief Hungarian Revolution in 1919 and is now the head of the planning board, told me of his hopes. "In no case have

former directors remained in the nationalized factories, though some act as technical assistants in other concerns . . . Directors have been chosen from clerical and technical staffs and receive a maximum of 3,000 forints (£60) monthly, with production or profit bonuses included." He declared that the workers had responded astonishingly well, and coal production rose from 400,000 tons in February 1947 to 900,000 tons last February. Agriculture was disappointing, only half of what was expected; other industries were over 100 per cent. of expectations. There was a shortage of raw materials from outside, and oil production in Hungary, until recently a monopoly under concession to the United States, was decreasing. Peacetime standards of living would be reached by the end of 1948 instead of 1950 as planned, because of the tremendous "saving of parasitical middlemen" and the enthusiasm of the workmen, both a "great surprise to the planners."

I enjoyed a visit to the children's town in Hajduhadhaza, where hundreds of waifs and unwanted youngsters study and play under the leadership of their own mayor and town council and own judge and jury. The 36-year-old Minister of Education, enthusiastic non-Communist Gyula Ortutay, former professor of ethnology, showed me the school four-colour books edited and printed by the million in six months, and spoke of the 150 new writers, artists, and musicians who are helped by the State to work as they choose. The paintings are bought by the State and presented to village halls.

I went where I chose and no one harried me. I was conscious everywhere of one portrait, not of the President of Hungary, then Zoltan Tildy, nor of the then Premier Lajos Dinnyes, both of whom received me for long, instructive talks in their modern salons. In the factories there is always the picture of the small, thick-set Secretary-General of the Communist Party, Vice-Premier Matyos Rakosi. At a ceremony in the palace for distribution of decorations to the President, Premier, most Cabinet Ministers, under-secretaries and men of letters and science, he glanced wistfully at the President. As I sat near him I was aware of the tremendous power of this man, consigned in the past by politicians to 16 years in prison on a sentence of ten years for being a Communist. Matyos Rakosi is the question mark of more than merely tomorrow's Hungary.

GERMAN STUDENTS IN CAMBRIDGE

BY FRANK E. BELL

SINCE the end of the war the desire of the University of Cambridge to assist in the educational rehabilitation of Germany has found expression in a number of ways. Many lecturers and undergraduates have visited German universities, special courses have been arranged for German prisoners of war in England, and an informal committee on German universities has been set up by the present Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge. In May, 1948, this committee under the chairmanship of the Master of Magdalene College, was reconstituted. Its main interest in 1948 was the organization of a visit to Cambridge during the long vacation term by 50 students from the University of Hamburg and the Technische Hochschulen of Brunswick and Darmstadt. With no financial resources whatever, the Committee was soon encouraged, not only by the promise of a substantial grant from the Foreign Office, but by the generous response of the university and particularly of the colleges to appeals for co-operation. A fortnight before the Germans were due to arrive the financial situation revealed an estimated expenditure of £1,300, including £300 for pocket money on the basis of £1 per head per week, while the total known income was £750, representing the promised grant from the Foreign Office. The remaining sum has been found entirely from private donations received in response to an appeal by the chairman, the Rt. Hon. Henry Willink, published in the correspondence columns of *The Times*.

Ultimately all but three of the 50 students arrived on July 6, a remarkable performance on the part of the travel authorities. The joy with which they viewed their safe arrival appeared to be matched only by their surprise at being met and looked after.

When I welcomed them on behalf of the German Universities Committee, they expressed, in the German style, the most audible approval of my explanation of the restriction of communal proceedings to a few lectures which would obviously be of interest to strangers in the university and to activities which they themselves should request. It is one of the great advantages of the residential system of the University of Cambridge that as soon as the men students had been received into their colleges the Committee could rest assured that their interests, material, social, and to a large extent

academic, would be well catered for. Members of the Hamburg Committee, an undergraduate body which has done valuable work for German university students, particularly in Hamburg, had worked hard to entertain students in all colleges, and a friendly and helpful welcome was accorded by college tutors. A number of informal activities were arranged—lectures, discussions, excursions—all in response to particular requests made by the students.

When the German students left Cambridge, I asked them to write a brief report of their stay, giving a frank account of their impressions and dwelling especially upon the defects of the scheme as it appeared to them, for the guidance of the Committee in future planning. Here and there the letters are striking for their depth of feeling, and even on occasion for their English style. The enthusiasm of the writers can be read between the lines, even where it is not directly expressed : "The thrill of the Cambridge stay can only be fully understood by one who has been in Nazi Germany for 12 years and in post-war Germany for three." "An interesting time which we do appreciate the more now after being back in Germany among the rubble, ruin and distress. And more essential than the memory of a free time is a feeling and a hope we took back with us."

The salient point in the Germans' reports is the value they attached to living in the colleges, and "sharing the same rights and duties of undergraduates." For : "The interchange and rhythm of college life was the most vital part of the Course." The main, and sometimes the only, criticism of arrangements in colleges was that the German students were put together in one room or accommodated too close to each other. Of the many who referred to this defect only one expressed any understanding that it might not be altogether simple to persuade an English student to share his room with an unknown German for a whole term. Nothing but praise of the quality of the food was expressed, but "the quantity was not quite sufficient for us, so that most of us had to take a copious snack in town in the afternoon." This was no doubt largely due to the great quantities of low calorie food to which the Germans had been accustomed, and was corrected after a week or two. Such minor criticisms of college life are introduced in a most diffident and almost apologetic manner in the midst of glowing eulogies. One student alone, however, took a very different view. To him the whole system of college life appeared to militate against the formation of friendships, fostering rather a rapid succession of spasmodic acquaintanceships, and at each meal time in hall "it was very boring to speak about the same topics day after day (impressions of England etc.). I think private invitations and exchanges are the best way to learn the other way of life, to learn the foreign language.

Colleges are interesting, but not suitable for these aims." Superficial intercourse with a large number of people is an inevitable feature of college life, yet it presents the opportunity for the deepening and ripening of acquaintanceship into friendship with a selected few. If this does not occur, it must be presumed that there is something lacking in the college or in the individual. "As far as my scientific progress is concerned," writes one of them, "I'm afraid it would have been greater without the Cam, the tennis courts and the Dorothy Café," which shows clearly this man at any rate succeeded in assimilating the social life of his college.

It would appear that the Committee, if it did not achieve a proper balance between excessive organization and excessive freedom, drew very near. As one student put it, the right level of "flexible improvisation" was reached, or as another in more picturesque, if less orthodox, English: "We weren't fed up with special lectures and could find our way *autodidactically*." Nevertheless it is also evident that more talks, mainly on political, economic and social subjects, would have been welcomed. It is not possible to rely too strongly upon a natural expression of individual wishes in informal meetings, but on the other hand, as was fully realized by the Committee, any suggestion of forcing topics upon the students was to be avoided. Several referred to a welcome change from the German manner of delivering scholarly but dull lectures in the more stimulating if less scientific technique found in Cambridge. The lectures on English language and literature arranged for scientists were popular and a wish for an expansion of them was general—as for a similar series of lectures on English life, letters and institutions to that arranged by the Board of Extra-Mural Studies in its vacation course for foreign students.

They drew great profit from their limited participation in the foreigners' course, for it was a new experience to discuss directly with other Europeans their opinions of international problems and of Germany. And in view of a certain apprehension on this issue, I derived much satisfaction from observing the formation of several friendships between Germans and students from other European countries—the very countries which had caused the most misgiving. Several write that they were unable to detect any animosity whatsoever towards them as Germans either from English students and members of the public or from the other foreign students. The greatest source of wonder for them all were the libraries; a number succeeded in filling in important gaps in their studies which the lack of text books in Germany had inevitably caused. The effect on their minds of the vast range of books and the quiet and peaceful atmosphere in the undisturbed spaciousness of the university library found eloquent expression in their letters.

A serious defect of the 1948 visit was the shortness of time between the Committee's decision to invite the Germans and the commencement of the long vacation term. In future projects it is essential that names of students should be known in the university in time to allot them to colleges on the basis of the suitability of their subjects to the informal teaching facilities available, and in particular to give full details to faculties which offer their co-operation. Particulars of the courses should be sent to the selected students in Germany, who should in return prepare and send to Cambridge a suggested plan of their studies during their visit. More careful planning of the academic side should not, however, detract from the importance of the wider contacts which are an essential aspect of life in Cambridge. "The Cam, the tennis courts, and the Dorothy Café" have their importance.

The selection of students in Germany is the most important aspect of the whole matter, and the Committee cannot but feel certain misgivings in this instance. Whether or not we are accused of propaganda by the friends or foes of the western conception of civilization, the basic purposes of such invitations must be to build up in co-operation with Germans a strong and sound ideology of freedom. There can be no other justification of the expenditure of so much time, energy, and money. So the chief consideration in the selection of students must be the influence which they exert in their own university, by their personality, their intellectual integrity, and by the part they play in responsible student organizations. It would appear that some of the 1948 students were presented with their tickets to England as a reward for merit—a prize for academic work. In the leisurely days of an unchallenged western ideology this policy might have been acceptable, but in those circumstances the Committee would never have come into existence. The scheme should not be a reward for past services but a spur to future ones. In seeking men and women who hold an influential position in the intellectual life of their own university, preference might well be given to those who are genuinely perplexed about their political and social beliefs. There is an opportunity for our universities to help such people to formulate their own ideas, which they would spread abroad in Germany on their return. The moral strength to fight for right, based on the mature judgment of a living experience, must be the lesson of this venture. "A feeling and a hope," helped by sound intellectual understanding, is the prime need of Germany, and other western European countries too.

These considerations do not mean that the selected students should be of senior status. In 1948 several very senior men came, holding junior University teaching posts, and in the opinion of one such : "Older students are the best for this exchange, as they have better

contacts and a real chance of furthering the knowledge of their subject." He is very doubtful about the value of exchange of younger people. Nevertheless, if Germans are invited to live in Cambridge colleges in company with undergraduates there is a strong case for inviting students of the same standing.

More attention should be paid to the language question. The plea made by one student that the Committee should invite "more people with a less advanced knowledge of English in order to build up more teachers of English in German secondary schools" cannot be accepted. Another student said his aim was "to collect general impressions on the largest possible basis and to carry on linguistic studies." The latter must be of a very advanced nature if any profit at all can be derived from the former. The Committee accept much more readily the view "that it is impossible to have serious discussion in Cambridge without a useful knowledge of English (and some were bored, not knowing what to do)" and that it might be advisable to have an English test before leaving Germany to make sure that this knowledge is possessed. There must be no barrier to full and free discussion in the normal intercourse of college life. The money spent on any student who, solely as a result of linguistic disabilities, is "bored, not knowing what to do" is completely wasted. (This would, however, deprive one from receiving such delightful letters as that which ended: "Yours sincerely on most occasions".)

The question of selection will always be a matter of great difficulty and whatever machinery may be adopted, it cannot be fool-proof. A few indications, however, can be summarized. The selecting body should be composed both of senior members of the university and of undergraduates; the relevance of the subject studied to the basic problems of Western civilization should be a main consideration; language should form the least possible barrier to interchange of ideas, and, finally, the ability of the student to make his ideas felt in his own country is a cardinal factor.

"A stay in an English family gives an even tighter connection." Cambridge gives too specialized a picture of England, and it is important to encourage private offers of hospitality, preferably in other parts of England, to follow an official visit to the university. About half the students in 1948 enjoyed such an opportunity and speak in warm terms of its value.

The invitation to the 50 German students, we feel, has been successful. During a recent visit to Germany I was especially encouraged to learn of the activities of the "Cambridge students" in seeking to spread in their own Universities what they have learnt in England. We plan to invite a further 50 German students to Cambridge during the summer of 1949 and hope to profit from the lessons provided by the first experience.

(The author is Secretary to the German Universities Committee.)

THE ENGLISH PARSON TO-DAY

BY B. M. G. REARDON

THE English parson is immemorial. He is much older than the Reformation. The "povre persoun" of *The Canterbury Tales* is a familiar character yet, and Chaucer, never slow to mock at clerical pretensions, reserves for him his tenderest praise. There is no more remarkable testimony to the continuity of English social life than this seemingly timeless figure, for the more he changes with the changing customs and opinions of the ages the more he remains himself. Not that his appearances in our literature are always as kindly in aspect as Chaucer's creation. Perhaps as often as not he is there to gibe at, a stock character and an easy butt. Being human he has of course his foibles. But the commonest insinuation, that he is more than a bit of a hypocrite, is the least true.

Although, fundamentally, the parson has remained the same through the centuries—he is the servant of an institution which alters but slowly—yet, when we come to compare any one generation of his kind with another the dissimilarities are often striking. In the days of Victoria he was very much the gentleman. Under the earlier Georges he was not far above servants' hall. In the seventeenth century, though a remoter figure, he appears probably at his best—learned, high-principled, saintly even, with George Herbert as his splendid representative. But in many respects the age of Keble and Pusey, of Kingsley and Maurice, of Westcott, Lightfoot and Liddon, the era from which Gore and Henson and the now venerable Dr. Inge survived into our own, was the parson's hey-day. No member of society was more deeply and genuinely respected. He stood for the solid virtues of that great age and for its sincere if unimaginative piety. England took him for her mentor and guide in all things touching her personal belief and conduct. His Sunday sermons were constantly printed and widely read. His influence direct or indirect upon the nation's mind, however formidable his opponents among the "advanced" intellectuals, can hardly be calculated. Victorian England—exceptions to the rule we may recall as we wish—did not seriously question that she held the Christian creed and so could not but honour the ministers of the Established Church.

To-day, with the manifest decline of public regard for what is called 'organized religion', the parson has become of less significance. In the large urban areas he is entirely unknown to vast masses of the

population, and recognizable only by a peculiarity of his attire. It is notorious that he preaches to far fewer hearers, and that the sermon now counts for very little indeed in shaping opinion. Yet it is undeniable that the clergy have a sort of publicity value to which the popular press is anything but insensitive. It is in fact astonishing how easily the *obiter dictum* of some obscure suburban incumbent can 'hit the headlines'. The pity of it is how seldom the publicity redounds to the credit either of the Church or of the profession of journalism. Eccentricity is news, and at the cost of any serious attempt to publicize utterances which are really authoritative. But a clergyman very rarely is made the hero of a tale. To the non-churchgoing townsman he is more or less of an oddity, whose pursuits have the air of the spurious and whose sudden personal proximity, as in a railway carriage, may be something of an embarrassment.

In the towns too—though less so in country towns—the parson has become rather the minister of a congregation than the spiritual leader and pastor of the *parish*. This ought not to be said without some qualification, but I believe it to be true in the main. In a parish of ten or twenty thousand inhabitants it is practically impossible to establish real personal contact with any but actual members of the congregation. These the clergyman may find time to visit fairly regularly. But in thickly populated districts the old-fashioned and salutary practice of house-to-house visiting has fallen into abeyance. There are countless citizens who have never spoken to a parson in their lives, except possibly at a wedding, a christening or a funeral. He stands outside their existence, the symbol of a world about which they are quite incurious. His proffered ministrations are as meaningless as the familiar pile of bricks and mortar which they may or may not recognize as their parish church.

To the small band of regular church members, on the other hand, he is a friend and fellow-worker in a cause. Of churchgoing to-day it can be affirmed that there is absolutely no conscious subterfuge. To attend service is no longer conventional, but rather the reverse. And the parish priest understands this. The sense of a shared faith and ideal is to-day the great bond between the town parson and his flock. The shams, such as they ever were, have been exposed, and the reality of Christian conviction, though it exist in the minds of a minority only, is his warmest encouragement. I say this as worthy of emphasis.

The country parson is somewhat differently circumstanced. He occupies even now, in a number of ways, his traditional place. Save in the rare cases where his personal failings disqualify him, he is the natural centre and focus of the parish and its activities. He no more commands the almost automatic respect accorded to his grandfather, but he is a man in a recognized public position to whom

a certain deference is wont to be shown, by churchgoers and non-churchgoers alike. He is much more obviously the parish priest than is the case in the big towns, and has little difficulty in making himself personally known to every one of his parishioners. He meets them about their work ; he sees them ' in the round ', and not only in the two-dimensional perspective of church or church-hall. In other words, the country clergyman can realize, after a manner hardly feasible for the townsman, the implications of a *pastoral* ministry. He may recall the moving words of the ordinal without feeling that the charge then solemnly laid upon him, " to be a messenger, watchman and steward of the Lord, to teach, and to premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family ", is not virtually nullified by the actual conditions in which he soon finds himself. Is his work then attended with more success ? To judge from the meagre congregations in these rustic churches it is hardly possible, on the face of it, to say that it is. He may be liked as a man and his example admired ; but can it be affirmed that because of his work the Christian faith in the hearts and minds of his people is deepened and clarified, more evident in daily life ? He cannot but ponder this question.

His greatest personal problem however is his isolation. He is not frequently in consultation with his brother-clergy. He may be fortunate in possessing the congenial company of educated neighbours but more often he is without stimulus of the kind and ends by being dead to the need of it. The squire, in countless parishes, has disappeared. Only the parson is left, with a burdensome residence and a stipend entirely inadequate to meet his commitments and enable him to live with the simple but sufficient dignity that his position requires. The reputation of indigence, and possibly of squalor in his domestic affairs, does his ministry no service. In every diocese of the country some attempt is being made to tackle this grave problem of clergy maintenance with the setting up of a minimum standard of £450 or £500 per annum. Yet what is such a sum for the upkeep of a house of (it may be) fifteen or twenty rooms and a garden of a couple of acres or more ? The suitable housing of the parson and his family is even more urgent than the question of his actual stipend. The difficulty of his intellectual and spiritual isolation however has far-reaching implications ; he must face it with what inner resources his convictions, temperament and training can together summon up.

The personal position of a clergyman is not, I venture to think, always very well understood by the ordinary layman, who commonly bases his ideas on what he supposes is a type ; he so often sees therefore, not a man, with all the facets of personality, but an abstraction. Yet a clergyman's speech and conduct cannot be

exactly as other men's. What in them may be a thing of no remark in him becomes incongruous. While it is true that he must assimilate into his own life and thought the creed and the moral code to which his calling and status at once commit him—and it is no doubt the experience of all but a very few priests that they grow *into* their vocation as they realize more definitely its nature and responsibilities—he is at the same time limited by what he professes. However 'broad' in outlook he tries to be he is nevertheless identified with an orthodoxy, a straightness of thinking and behaving, to which secular life in a modern democracy can offer no real parallel. The average Englishman to-day has no conscious world-view, and he rather distrusts those who profess one. Inevitably therefore the Christian minister strikes him as a doctrinaire. But it is to be regretted when a priest, instead of accepting this distinctiveness, which in spite of the personal diffidence it may sometimes cause is really his strength, endeavours to conceal it by misplaced 'laicism' in conversation and demeanour. Christianity is not merely the consecration of worldly wisdom and natural virtue, and the parson ought never to feel ashamed at being a man apart.

And yet he must be as St. Paul, in a true sense, all things to all men. The clergy are genuinely democratic in outlook. The vast majority take little or no account of social position, and do not, like the politicians, think of their flocks in terms of 'income-groups'. A priest knows from experience that deliberate sectionalism of any sort would be fatal to his pastoral duty. If the most obvious response to his ministry is feminine, elderly and genteel, he is not wholly to blame!

The Archbishop of York has stated his opinion that "never before in the whole history of the Church have the clergy, as a body, been better educated, more conscientious, and with higher ideals of their vocation than the clergy of our own day."* This can be said, he adds, "without denying that still more thorough training is required to enable them to cope with the special difficulties of their time." It is not to my purpose here to discuss in any detail the question of selection and preparation; but it is one of great importance for the Church of the future. In latter years the ideal of the parish priest has acquired a new professionalism. It is felt that, besides characteristics of personal fitness—sincerity, benevolence, a reputation of moral integrity—there must be a definite standard of ministerial efficiency and with it the kind of intellectual equipment necessary for an age of increasing specialism. There is no doubt that the clergy, and especially the younger among them, are anxious to do their work in a scrupulous and competent way. It may even be that, in quest of the ideal of the efficient priest, they sometimes forget that

* *Physician Heal Thyself: a Case for Church Reform*, 1945, p. 46.

his effectiveness depends upon qualities which are not simply the fruit of diligence and a tidy mind. But the tendency on the whole is a right one. The English parson cannot afford to be a mere amateur in the cure of souls. Hitherto his training has paid insufficient attention to moral theology and the art of casuistry. Further, he requires in addition to his biblical and theological learning some knowledge of psychology, particularly abnormal psychology, and of sociology. After all, without these studies—and there need be no apology for their comparative novelty—our understanding of human behaviour is incomplete.

But it has also been pertinently said that the Church of England is unique in the *brevity* of the training which it expects from its prospective ministers. A course which includes a university, ancient or modern, as well as a theological college is plainly desirable. In spite of the specializing tendency just mentioned it is not really a good thing that the clergy of the future should be seminary-produced. The older universities, even in this age of austerity, still provide an incomparable opportunity for stimulating, liberalizing and refining a young man's mind. And almost the first need of an Anglican clergyman, minister of a Church which has ever upheld the excellence of sound learning, is that he be a man of education, who esteems and values the things of the intellect. But manifestly this extended discipline cannot be squeezed into a few years of formal instruction. The value of academic courses, whether in the university or at the theological college, is in laying the foundation of a life-long habit of study. Yet it is doubtful if private study is consistently maintained by more than a minority of the parish clergy, in town or country. With the obstacles, of course, any parson is sadly familiar. Thus in a town charge much of his morning will be taken up with correspondence, interviews and the imperative telephone, not to mention his new burden of domestic chores ! The afternoon brings visiting, probably at the local hospital. In the evening parochial organizations demand his attention. And so the days go by. The position in the country is rather different, and there apparently the parson will have much more free time. But life in a country benefice is by no means the unbroken idyll that the townsman is apt to suppose it to be, and the incumbent's time and energies are too often exhausted by menial employments. "Much, probably most, clerical idleness", wrote the late Bishop Hensley Henson, "is involuntary, and even unsuspected. Time is frittered away over small things, while the things that really matter are scamped, or left undone." Such, alas ! is true, as every priest must realize. The consequence is that the intellectual distinction of the clergy as a body tends to suffer. At the present time—it has I fear to be admitted—Anglican scholarship is not particularly impressive. Even in the universities the figures of to-day

are slight in comparison with the men of past generations ; with Hort, for instance, or Brightman, or Sanday, or Rashdall. A very serious handicap is created by the widespread ignorance of Greek and Latin. The classical languages are indispensable for those studies with which the clerical profession is traditionally and naturally associated, and their disappearance from a clergyman's educational outfit—save merely for the modest purpose of an ordination examination—can only serve to diminish the contribution which the Church of England might be expected to make to the world of learning. I do not suggest that the clergy are not, judging by contemporary standards, educated men. They surely are. But the conditions are not such as to encourage scholarship of the finest and most original kind.

It would however be a mistake to suppose that their mood is one of theological indifferentism. Not unnaturally a great proportion of the parish priests, absorbed in practical concerns, are hazy enough as to the technicalities of their creed. They could not, it may be surmised, give a very complete explanation, clause by clause, of the Articles, to which, on institution to a cure of souls, every priest has perforce to declare publicly his assent, on pain of the forfeiture of his benefice. But to the essentials of Christian belief they are all, with a very few and hardly significant exceptions, conscientiously loyal. The prevailing outlook indeed is orthodox. War, moreover, and the social revolution have had the effect not of weakening this orthodoxy but of strengthening it. The liberalism and modernism which thirty or forty years ago attracted many of the most able and progressive men has lost its appeal. The Modern Churchman's Union has still a fairly large membership, but the confident and optimistic humanitarianism of an older generation has been chastened by the events of our own time, revealing as they do that human nature needs a more drastic remedy for its ills than open-mindedness, popular education and a beneficent legislature. The clergy to-day are profoundly convinced of the essential truth of the doctrines of original sin and of the incarnation and redemption. We hear far less therefore of the need for "reconciling Christianity with modern thought" than formerly, and among the younger men the phrase is not uncommonly treated with derision. With this hardening of belief goes a corresponding desire to re-define, with greater clarity and emphasis, what the Church of England does stand for. The idea that she is the Church of the English people, recording their religious preferences and expressing their characteristic piety is accepted only with qualification. It is increasingly felt that she is bound, if she remain true to her deepest-founded traditions, to teach what is strange or even repugnant to the secularized outlook of the times. Further, that she is bound to reconsider the extent and the terms of her membership.

This means, in effect, that the practice of infant baptism, in the existing social context, requires modification.* The current widespread discussion of the whole meaning of Christian 'initiation' reveals how seriously the problem of a merely nominal Christianity and a formal Church membership is troubling the consciences of the parish clergy. This new rigorism is, I believe, a healthy sign, so long as it is not forgotten that charity is above rubrics.

How far is the English parson, ecclesiastically speaking, a 'party' man? Labels are much used, and not seldom in a highly question-begging manner. The average clergyman is a 'moderate', adhering to the usages of the 1662 Prayer Book, with, usually, the deviations sanctioned by the book of 1928. His teaching is based upon fundamentals both of faith and morality, and avoids the more controversial issues. His sympathies lie perhaps with the High Church or Anglo-Catholic tradition, or else with the Evangelicals; but he will hesitate before classing himself categorically with either. The moderate or central churchman, of whom the late William Temple was the great example, will think of himself simply as an Anglican and is not altogether at his ease with the zealots at either end of the scale. In this respect the country parson is still the characteristic English clergyman and his church the characteristic English place of worship; for the spirit of Anglicanism is more revealingly expressed there than anywhere else—unless, possibly, in an English cathedral at choral evensong. Reformation Protestantism; the great seventeenth century divines; the Evangelicals; Tillotson, Hoadley and the Latitude-men; Keble, Pusey and the Tractarians, and finally even Roman Catholicism itself—have all contributed something to the present-day life and mind of the Church of England and therefore to the make-up of the English parson. I will not say that a complete synthesis has been achieved of these very disparate elements. The typical Anglican clergyman is compromising and often illogical; he does not profess to have a ready answer for all questioners; he is a little unsure of himself; but, though his piety is undemonstrative, he rarely doubts that his vocation was real.

The great difficulty at present is the shortage of clergy. In the peak years 1886 to 1888 the number of men ordained totalled 2,324, a figure astonishing to us to-day. The result is that town parishes are absurdly understaffed—the present writer has himself worked single-handed in a parish of nearly 20,000 people—and the country parishes, unless this situation rapidly improves, increasingly will be merged one with another. The Pastoral Reorganization Measure recently introduced into the Church Assembly is an attempt to deal with the problems that have arisen. But even if more ordinands are forth-

*It is said that during the period 1913 to 1936 the average number of infant baptisms in the Church of England (and Wales) was 67.2 per cent. of the total births.

coming what assurance is there that the financial resources are available to allow them an adequate stipend ? Although the appeals now launched in the dioceses are meeting with an amazingly generous response, the facts remain that the Church can call upon only a very much narrower circle of well-to-do adherents than used to be the case, and that the shrinkage in the congregations must mean that the question of maintenance will become ever more pressing and difficult. The young candidate for ordination has to realize that he is embarking upon a profession which will afford him and his family no more than bare necessities of a livelihood. It may even be that the needs of the future will demand celibacy and the strictest rule of life, a return to the deliberately embraced poverty of the medieval religious orders. But if so it will mean a vast change in the character of the English Church.

In spite of the Oxford Movement and its Anglo-Catholic aftermath the clergyman remains a 'parson' rather than a 'priest'. His position in relation to the laity is subtly but quite certainly different from that of his Romanist brother. His people, rightly or wrongly, look on him as a pastor, mentor, adviser and friend, rather than as the ambassador of a supernatural realm, with power to determine their spiritual destiny. Nor is he primarily a prophet and preacher, as in old-fashioned nonconformity ; very rarely is he considered as the possessor of any special degree of inspiration. Perhaps this English and Anglican conception of the religious minister is defective. Personally I believe it is. In a secularized community, where the idea of the Church as an *ekklesia*, a body of men and women called forth from the world, has virtually faded away, its dangers, from the standpoint of an integral Christianity, are obvious. The parson becomes only a kind of district welfare officer, whose incidental services are welcome as being humane and informal. But on the whole the Anglican tradition of the minister as pastor is a noble one and a large part of that distinctive contribution which the Church of England has made to the Christian heritage.

(The Rev. B. M. G. Reardon's parish is in Devonshire.)

AN AMBASSADOR'S CHILDHOOD

BY SIR HUGHE KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN

MY great-grandfather married three times. He had twenty children. My grandfather, another Sir Edward Knatchbull, married twice and had fourteen. He was born in 1781, eight years before the French Revolution, by which time the family had lived at Mersham near Ashford in Kent for three hundred years. By many he was regarded as an incorrigible Tory. It is true that he was a strong supporter of Catholic disabilities and of the Corn Laws. Cobbett rode rough-shod over him when he visited Kent.* But he was offered a seat in Lord Grey's Cabinet in 1830,† which shows that he was not opposed to electoral reform. Nor does he appear to have been out of sympathy with modern invention, for there is an entry in his diary late in life telling how, when he ventured in the new railway train from Ashford to London, he was scolded by Lady Knatchbull for risking his life unnecessarily. He was in Peel's Cabinets of 1834 and 1841 as Paymaster-General, having refused higher office. He retired from public life in 1845 for purely private reasons and died in 1849. He is buried in the Hugessen vault in Lynsted Church, near Faversham.

Sir Edward's second wife was Fanny Catharine, daughter of Edward Knight of Godmersham in Kent and niece of Jane Austen. My father, Reginald, was her second son, born in 1831. He also married twice, his second wife, my mother, being the daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Montgomery, head of one of the many branches of that family which had long been settled in Ireland, though he himself had never lived there. I was their first child, born in 1886. By that time the numerous marriages and highly populated nurseries had made the family tree at least as broad as it was long, while the purse had pretty well lost all claim to either of those qualities.

It would no doubt be possible and perhaps more suitable to omit these glimpses of background, especially as they are so remote. When I was born my grandfather had been dead nearly forty years and my father was fifty-five. But it is embarrassing to leap unexplained on to the stage or even on to that small part of it which one has been called upon to fill, and those in the audience may expect a peep into

*"Cobbett's Rural Rides", *Kentish Journal*, December 6 and 8, 1821.

†*Dictionary of National Biography*.

the wings.

My father was a clergyman and I am eternally grateful to him for refusing promotion and preferring to remain in the beautiful old Sussex rectory where we were brought up. He possessed the simplest faith and the purest mind that I have ever come across, and never seemed troubled by the smallest doubt. He taught us the Old Testament so thoroughly and so vividly that I remember it in detail even to-day. He never seemed to question the literal truth even of its most improbable astronomic or pyrotechnic incidents.

Occasionally this frankness led to danger. Once he was describing to us the arrival of the spies at Jericho from Joshua's camp. Rahab's profession has no gloss over it in the text. My father went straight ahead : "The spies came to the house of Rahab, the harlot," he announced, quite unaffectedly. The chorus came in return : "Father, what's a harlot ?" "A kind of innkeeper," he said, thinking to close the subject. But the child mind, confronted by something unknown, seeks to fix it by comparison with something familiar. The landlord of the nearest public-house was one of the church-wardens. His wife was a regular attendant in church. She wore a black frock whose array of sequins sparkled on her spacious bosom. I knew her husband kept the public-house. He was an innkeeper : she must be one too. "Father. Is Mrs. Locksher a harlot ?" I asked. "No, my boy—that's quite a different thing." But such incidents were rare.

The daily half-hour's Bible history before breakfast afforded the only regular opportunity for contact with my father, as the rest of his day was taken up with the care of a widely scattered parish.

We followed the usual stages of education. They cannot have differed much between one family and another in those days. They were the days of schoolrooms and governesses. My youngest half-sister and I were together, my younger brother—a somewhat turbulent element—joining us later. My sister, seven years my junior, had the schoolroom to herself when her time came.

In 1895 I went to a private school. If I were asked what portion of my life I should least like to live again I should answer without hesitation "the private school part." I suspect that most of us would do the same. This is in no sense a reflection on those excellent and necessary institutions, but the sudden change from home to school at so early an age—usually round about nine—is a shock and a wrench. Boys recover from it, some sooner, some later, but there is something in the discipline and regularity of private school life which is monotonous and contrasts unfavourably with the agreeable things which home provides. There is also in small boys a certain lack of elementary civilization which at times can be most unpleasant. I remember the struggle which I had with myself when I wrote home on

my first school Sunday. Should I say exactly what I thought or should I write, after three days' experience : " I like school very much " ? I found the letter a short time ago. It was the first occasion on which I lied on paper. Some would say that this was the beginning of diplomacy. They would be wrong. Diplomats should most certainly never lie.

There is a remarkable difference between the education system at home and abroad, a difference which is, I consider, much in our favour. In all European countries which I know children seem to be perpetually overworked and under-exercised. There is too much bookwork, too little liberty and often too little trust. A comparison between natural development and hot-house growth suggests itself. Possibly in my day and certainly in my own case the English boy did not do enough work. But I am not sure that it is not better in early childhood and early youth to do too little work rather than too much. Abroad I have seen small children of eight and nine years sitting up late into the evening, three or four hours after their English contemporaries have gone to bed, doing preparation for the next day's school. This cannot fail to produce overstrain. I have spoken of it to many friends in various countries. All admit that their children are worked too hard. All deplore it. But none seems capable of doing anything about it.

It was while I was struggling with elementary Latin and Greek at my private school, in the hope of winning a scholarship at Eton, that Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated. We were all allowed to go to London. An aunt of mine succeeded in obtaining for me a seat for the Thanksgiving Service in the front row of the choir of Westminster Abbey, which was reserved for peers and their families, by the simple device of showing the visiting-card of a relation who possessed the necessary qualifications. I saw the procession from Constitution Hill. It is not easy now to describe the impression of the moment. I took it all for granted and felt that I was witnessing a scene such as must recur at intervals to register the greatness of my country. I remember the cheers with which the crowd in Hyde Park Corner greeted Lord Roberts : but these were nothing in comparison with the rapturous welcome given, after hours of expectation, to the little lady who sat in her landau drawn by the eight cream horses. Everything was summed up in that moment. To-day almost enough years have passed to make up another Diamond Jubilee. Looking back, the first thought that occurs is that what has best survived from that day is Kipling's *Recessional*. We have lived up to the sternest exhortations of that solemn poem. If we have spent ourselves materially we have certainly enriched ourselves morally.

Eton and Oxford. There are critics of the recruitment of my

subsequent profession in whose eyes these names spell something like damnation. Such reasoning appears to me entirely fallacious. If it arises from the notion of a favoured, pampered and therefore idle and self-indulgent youth it is grossly unjust. Many Etonians in the Diplomatic Service were Collegers, that is to say that their parents, unable to pay the Oppidan fees but convinced that Eton provided the best education, sent their sons to expensive private schools to be prepared for the Eton scholarship examination. I was one of these. My Eton bills as a scholar were forty-five pounds per annum plus extras such as music. But for this I might not have gone to a first-class public school at all. The Collegers were by tradition supposed and expected to be clever and hard-working. But brains and industry are not an exclusive attribute of modest circumstances. Many Oppidans,* even though they suffered the drawbacks of wealth and influence, were just as clever and industrious, often more so; many had parents who were straining slender means to give their sons what they felt to be the best education obtainable.

The life of an individual public schoolboy is of little interest once it is over and I refrain from any detailed record of my own. After some years spent in the study of the classics I specialized in history and took up German in the place of Greek. I ought to have worked a great deal harder than I did. Recently I found all my school reports, carefully preserved. They provide salutary reading, though it is now too late to put their admonitions into practice. "He cannot attain, with his present mental equipment, to any measure of practical success, unless by accident," wrote Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson. "His work varies and lately decidedly for the worse," another master complained, while a third described me as "decorously inattentive". For anything less distressing I am driven back upon the headmaster of my private school, who once in an expansive moment wrote, "a thoroughly good boy." Some would consider this the worst condemnation of all. Perhaps it is lucky that it never came to the knowledge of a Foreign Office appointments board; that it did not do so may have been one of the accidents for which Mr. Benson left a loophole.

Academic triumphs were rare. Nor were athletic successes more numerous. My attitude to organized games was unorthodox, my aptitude for them but slight. I played cricket for two summer halves after which I took to the river, getting in due course my "Lower Boats."

My time at Eton began in the closing years of Queen Victoria's reign. She was still to be seen driving in the afternoon in an open carriage with postilions, one outrider in front and one behind. It

*Boys who went to Houses and paid the full school fees in distinction to the 70 Collegers who held Foundation Scholarships.

was an impressive sight, the more so for its dignified simplicity. I remember the visit of the Emperor William II to Windsor in 1899. We watched his arrival from inside the Castle grounds at the end of the Long Walk. I do not seem to have been impressed. My only mention of the event in a letter was that "the Kaiser and Co. left at 3.15. I saw their luggage going." The letter turns to more important matters. "I am out of training ; could you send me some apples ?"

It was the period of the Boer War. We celebrated the relief of Mafeking by a torchlight procession to Windsor Castle, marching into the quadrangle and singing beneath the Queen's windows.

Queen Victoria's funeral left a deep impression. I remember seeing the thousands of wreaths which filled all four sides of the cloisters outside St. George's Chapel. On February 2 we were lined up near the Sovereign's entrance. After a long wait the Union Jack was lowered on the Round Tower and replaced by the Royal Standard. Then the minute guns began to fire and the escort of Household Cavalry appeared. After them came Lord Roberts on foot : next, the heralds, and the men of H.M.S. *Excellent* drawing the gun-carriage with the Queen's coffin. On the coffin were the crown, sceptre and other royal insignia. Immediately behind walked the German Emperor with other royal representatives including King Leopold II of the Belgians and the King of Portugal. "We have drifted back to the usual mutton and beef," runs on the letter from which I have taken this description. Life indeed must have been drab after such an unforgettable scene.

From Eton I went to Balliol College, Oxford, in the autumn of 1904, after a stay of three months in Hanover for initiation into the German language. Vacations from Oxford were mostly spent in France, at Rouen, Grenoble or Angers to learn the language. There were also reading parties including three visits to the "Châlet".

To Balliol men of many generations the Châlet is a household word and above all a memorial of its owner, Francis Fortescue Urquhart. Standing six thousand feet up on the Prairon above St. Gervais-les-Bains in Haute Savoie, just where the pines and larches end and the open Alpine slope begins, it was an ideal spot for quiet and concentrated work. But there was one continual distraction—the beauty of the scene. The views from the windows across the Sallanches valley, or the col above the Châlet with its carpet of pansies, gentians and all wild flowers in their season was a serious temptation to neglect less vivid creations such as Stubbs *Constitutional History*. For obvious reasons there was a ban on mountain-climbing, but I and one or two others, shepherded by Cyril Bailey, who besides being a fellow of Balliol was a member of the Alpine Club, overcame it. Our most exciting climbs were the Aiguille de Midi (12,605 feet) and the Aiguille de Bionnassay (13,295 feet) in the Mont Blanc massif.

In a villa near St. Gervais immediately below the Châlet lived M. Emile Ollivier, who had been Napoleon III's last Prime Minister. Sligger (as Francis Urquhart is best and most widely known) took me to luncheon with him. He was still at work on his history of *L'Empire Libéral* and he talked with great animation of the efficiency of the French Army of the day. That must have been in 1905. M. Ollivier died in 1913.

I left Oxford in 1907, and after some months at Heidelberg returned to London and settled down to a course of cramming at "Scoones" in Garrick Street for the Foreign Office examination, it having been decided by my parents even while I was at Eton that I should aim at that career. It must be unusual for a child to declare at an early age a determination to take up any special profession and to stick to it. My own early ambition had always been to stand for Parliament, politics being the traditional career in my family. But this was financially impossible. After some years of indecision my mother settled that the Foreign Office was the thing.

I had an ancient relative who was blessed with an entertaining capacity for mixing up simple English expressions. When she heard of this decision she wrote approvingly to my mother, adding, "Of course everyone knows that it is all a question of leg-pulling." Entry was by open competition, subject to previous nomination. Neither leg nor wire can have come into the matter. I was lucky, if somewhat surprised, in passing top in 1908.

(Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen's article is the first of three extracts THE FORTNIGHTLY is making from his book "Diplomat in Peace and War" which John Murray will be publishing later in the year.)

OURS THE ILLITERATE IMAGINATION

BY R. N. CURREY

OURS the illiterate imagination
Our love has learned its homely A.B.C.
And struggles somehow through its three times table
Seventy times seven is still fantasy :

This general never dreamt a politician
This airman never quite believed in land
This farmer wouldn't recognize the ocean
And everyone of them would pledge his hand

That half a mile beyond his country's border
Women are harpies and the men climb trees,
That murder twice removed is no more murder,
That slavery went out with Pericles,

That men who plant his wheat and tea and cotton
Should suffer hunger, terror and disease
Outside his mind, and, while their limbs go rotten
Thank him for lesser mercies on their knees ;

And this young man who flies a huge machine,
A bomber, five miles up, why, bless his heart
Has never followed down his bombs and been
In the same room with lives he's torn apart.

STEVENSON IN *YOUNG FOLKS*

BY G. F. McCLEARY

WHEN, in November 1883, *Treasure Island* was first published in book form, Stevenson was far from being a popular author. He was thirty-three years old, and, according to Lloyd Osbourne, his prevailing mood was one of "gay acquiescence in failure." He had, he would say, as many as 750 readers upon whom he could always count, adding that "there was certainly one thing he could never be and that was a popular author."

Treasure Island, however, made him a popular author. But not until it came out as a book. Two years earlier it had appeared, inconspicuously and unnoticed, as a serial in *Young Folks*. It was begun in August 1881 in Braemar, where Stevenson and his family were spending a few weeks before going into winter quarters at Davos. The first fifteen chapters, written in as many mornings, flowed easily from his pen, and each was read aloud to the family in the evening. The opening chapters were read also to a visitor, Dr. A. H. Japp, the biographer of De Quincey. Stevenson's essay on Thoreau had appeared in *Cornhill* in 1880, and Japp, who had known Thoreau and had written a book on him, wrote to *The Spectator* objecting to some statements in the essay. This brought a letter from Stevenson inviting Japp to Braemar to discuss the subject. Nineteen years later, Japp wrote the account of his visit that appeared in *The Academy* of March 10, 1900, in which he described how Stevenson read to him the opening chapters of *Treasure Island*, then called *The Sea Cook* :

In Stevenson's little attic, where he wrote and worked, I listened to him reading these earlier chapters. And such reading—dramatic, varied skilfully in tone and inflection, as his slim body gently swayed in his characteristic fashion ; MS. in hand as he read, and now and then swaying too—as I shall never forget. . . . One half of the story I brought away with me, with the view of insuring that it should be printed, . . . and, though I had then no connection whatever with Mr. James Henderson (the proprietor of *Young Folks*), whom I knew as coming from my own district in Scotland, I took the story to him—very proud, I confess, to be able to tell him that I had brought him 'a work of genius' . . . Almost all the copy of the story passed through my hands to Mr. Henderson, who was never introduced to Stevenson by me, in any formal sense ; but getting, of course, into correspondence with Mr. H. about proofs, R.L.S. naturally called to see him as he passed through London.

Japp's account of his visit to Braemar was written at the request of Sidney Colvin to demolish the myth that Japp had introduced

Henderson to Stevenson, and that *Treasure Island* was written at Henderson's suggestion. In a letter that appeared in *The Academy* of March 17, 1900, Henderson confirmed Japp's statement. The letter concludes :

Before the story commenced in *Young Folks*, Stevenson called on me, bringing the corrected proofs of the opening chapters, and it was at that interview—my first with him—I expressed my dislike to the title *The Sea Cook*, and suggested *Treasure Island*, which he readily agreed to.

The first instalment of *Treasure Island* appeared in the number of *Young Folks* of October 1, 1881, the last in that of January 28, 1882. The story ran to about 75,000 words, and the rate of remuneration was 10s. a thousand words, Stevenson retaining the copyright. The author's name was given as "Captain George North."

Young Folks, described in a sub-title as "A Boys' and Girls' Paper of Instructive and Entertaining Literature", was then a weekly illustrated paper of eight pages, sixteen inches by eleven, and was sold at a penny. It was a juvenile offshoot of a successful paper, *The Weekly Budget*, founded (in 1861), printed and published by James Henderson in Red Lion Square, London. Its original title was *Our Young Folks Weekly Budget of Tales, News, Sketches, Fun, Puzzles, Riddles, etc.* Its first number appeared on January 2, 1871.

The contents of *Young Folks* were mainly weekly instalments of serial stories, the most favoured of which, invariably a tale of heroic adventure, began on the front page with a picture showing the hero doing some valorous deed. When, in 1880, I began to take in *Young Folks*, the leading serial was entitled *Ralpho the Mysterious, or the Young Swordsman of Warsaw*. There was always at least one serial, intended for girl readers, of domestic joys and sorrows, with an ending unfailingly happy and usually matrimonial. A novel, perhaps unique, feature was the "Riddle Tournament", which occupied two of the four columns on the seventh page. It was a collection of rhymed puzzles—charades, acrostics, and the like—contributed by readers of *Young Folks*. The riddles considered of special merit were given places high up in the columns, and the contributor whose riddle appeared at the top of the left-hand column was the champion of the week.* A few of the contributors achieved some success later as professional writers.

Young Folks was not, like the *Boys' Own Paper*, which I began to take in with the first number in 1878, mainly intended for public-school boys. I can recall very few references in it to cricket or football. It sought to interest girls as well as boys. It seemed to be read mostly by young people of what is called the "lower middle class".

*The number of January 7, 1882, was of some personal interest to me ; for my name appeared in it together with the names of four other contributors to the riddle tournament whose contributions had been accepted for publication.

In the numbers issued during September 1881, it was announced that the Michaelmas double number, due to appear on October 1, would contain the first instalments of two new serials : *Sir Claude the Conqueror : A Story of English Chivalry*, by Walter Villiers ; and *Treasure Island, or the Mutiny of the Hispaniola*, by Captain George North. I have this, the 565th number of *Young Folks*, before me as I write these lines. On the front page is the beginning of the new leading serial, with a large picture of Sir Claude slaying the captain of a band of desperadoes. In the middle of the number is the first instalment of *Treasure Island*, with a woodcut showing Billy Bones aiming his ineffectual blow at Black Dog, and another encasing the initial letter of the story. No other illustration was accorded to *Treasure Island* in *Young Folks*, where it appeared on the back pages and attracted no attention. It was not popular with the readers, some of whom wrote to the editor criticizing it severely. In the number containing the ninth and tenth chapters of *Treasure Island*, one of these complaints was thus answered by the editor : " That which you condemn is really the best story now appearing in the paper, and the impress of an able writer is stamped on every paragraph of *Treasure Island*. You will probably share this opinion when you have read a little more of it."

Complaints, however, did not shake Henderson's belief in Stevenson's capacity to please his young readers, and he asked him to write a successor to *Treasure Island*. It was *The Black Arrow*, which, begun on May 26, 1883, appeared in *Young Folks* from June 30 to October 20, 1883, the author's name again being given as Captain George North. The remuneration was at the rate of 12s. per 1,000 words, but Stevenson retained the copyright. The story was much more to the taste of *Young Folks* readers than *Treasure Island* had been ; it did, in fact, increase the circulation of the paper by many hundreds of copies weekly. It was written in an archaic style based on the *Paston Letters*, which Stevenson had studied some eight years before. To historical romances so written the name 'tushery' had been given by Stevenson and Henley ; and, writing to Henley, Stevenson told him : " I turned me—what thinkest 'ou ? ' to Tushery, by the mass ! Ay friend, a whole tale of Tushery. . . . *The Black Arrow : A Tale of Tunstall Forest* is his name ; tush ! a poor thing." Stevenson's next letter to Henley contained seven stanzas headed " A lytle Jape of Tusherie. By A. Tusher ". Here are two of them :

The pleasant river gushes
Among the meadows green ;
At home the author tushes ;
For him it flows unseen.
At morn with his hair-brushes,
Still " tush " he says, and weeps ;

At night again he tushes,
And tushes till he sleeps.

And yet, when *The Black Arrow* had been completed, we find Stevenson confessing to Sidney Colvin : " It's great sport to write tushery." He did not, however, think highly of *The Black Arrow*. Writing to William Archer in March 1894, he said : " It is an odd fact, or perhaps a very natural one ; I find few greater pleasures than reading my own works, but I never, O I never read *The Black Arrow*."

Unlike *Treasure Island*, which ran its course without further illustrations in the back pages of *Young Folks*, *The Black Arrow*, with one or more pictures each week, was given the place of honour on the first page. Much editorial commendation was bestowed upon it in the two columns devoted to answers to correspondents. In the number of July 14, 1883, a correspondent was informed that : " The stories we publish will bear the strictest examination, and we do not hesitate to say that they are the best that can be procured, whether they be examined for their literary quality or their moral character. We make some boast of having secured *The Black Arrow*, which will yet be read by the best judges of good writing which our country can boast." Another editorial pronouncement assured the readers of *Young Folks* that " competent critics " had " repeatedly hailed " the author of *The Black Arrow* " as one of the most original and most accomplished English writers of the day."*

When I was reading *Young Folks* week by week over 65 years ago, it was thus borne in upon me that Captain George North must be a very eminent author. And yet I had never seen his name in any other paper. I was then an assiduous reader of periodicals, including *The Spectator* and *The Saturday Review*, but could recall no mention in any of them of an author of that name. Another curious circumstance was that shortly after *The Black Arrow* had completed its flight through *Young Folks*, advertisements appeared in various papers announcing the publication of a book entitled *Treasure Island* by an author named R. L. Stevenson, of whom I had never heard. I thought it strange that this man Stevenson should give his book a title already used by Captain George North. But in *The Saturday Review* of December 8, 1883, I read a review of the book, and learnt that they were one and the same person. It was a long review, running to nearly 3,000 words, and a laudatory review ; the book was praised as a masterpiece. I also learnt that the author had written *The Pavilion on the Links*, which I had read with breathless interest when it came out in *Cornhill* in 1880.

*Such editorial effusions moved Stevenson to write to Edmund Gosse : " If you are taking *Young Folks*, for God's Sake Twig the editorial style ; it is incredible ; we are left panting in the rear ; Twig ; O Twig it . . . it's like butter-milk and blacking ; it sings and hums away like a great old kettle full of bilge water. You know ; none of us could do it, boy."

In 1885 Stevenson was asked to write a third serial for *Young Folks*. He agreed, but stipulated for higher terms than those he had accepted for *Treasure Island* and *The Black Arrow*. "You must", he wrote, "pay me not less than thirty shillings a column." Since each column contained on the average about 1,200 words, there was no haggling; on the contrary, Henderson at once arranged for considerably higher terms. The new serial was *Kidnapped*.

It was written at Bournemouth, where Stevenson lived for three years from August 1884. His house, situated near a road long afterwards named Robert Louis Stevenson Avenue, was so extensively damaged by enemy action on November 16, 1940, that complete demolition became necessary. The garden was also much damaged, but the gate, with the name of the house—Skerryvore—still showing upon it, remained intact when, in January 1948, I made my last pilgrimage to the place. During Stevenson's three years at Bournemouth, Conan Doyle was in general medical practice at Southsea, where in the winter of 1885-1886, while Stevenson was writing *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, he wrote the first of the Sherlock Holmes stories: *A Study in Scarlet*. But the two men never met. Conan Doyle's house at Southsea was destroyed by enemy action on January 10, 1941.

Kidnapped appeared in *Young Folks*, week by week, from May 1 to July 31, 1886. It was, however, a changed *Young Folks*. It was now called *Young Folks Paper*, with a sub-title: "For old and young boys and girls", and the ordinary weekly number had grown from eight to sixteen pages though it was still sold at one penny. The riddle tournament now filled four columns, and young readers with literary aspirations were given extended opportunities for seeing their writings in print by the introduction of a new feature—the "Literary Olympic". This consisted of three pages of contributions in prose or verse placed, according to merit, in three classes. Those in the first class were paid for, and those in the second and third classes were given publicity together with editorial criticism, frank but usually encouraging.

Kidnapped came out in *Young Folks Paper* with a flourish of editorial trumpets. Stevenson was now a popular author. In the previous January, *Jekyll and Hyde* had appeared and become a best-seller. In the answers to correspondents, the readers of the paper were not infrequently reminded of Stevenson's fame, and assured that *Kidnapped* was literature of high quality. It appeared on the front page and was given excellent illustrations by W. Boucher, but it did not seem to be much liked by the readers of the paper. One of the contributors to the literary Olympic informed the editor that although he read *Kidnapped* regularly, it was not for pleasure, as he read the other serials, but for instruction. Another expressed surprise that

so much fuss was being made about it.

In July 1886 *Kidnapped* was published in book form, shortly before the last instalment had appeared in *Young Folks Paper*, a few minor alterations only having been made in the text of the serial version. The text of *The Black Arrow*, on the contrary, was considerably altered when, in 1888, it appeared in book form. Some 4,000 words had been omitted, the arrangement of the material into chapters modified, and the sub-title changed from "A Tale of Tunstall Forest" to "A Tale of the Two Roses". In *Treasure Island*, also, Stevenson made many alterations, chiefly omissions and none really important, in preparing it for publication as a book. In *Young Folks* it had a sub-title: "The Mutiny of The Hispaniola", and consisted of two parts—"The Prologue" with six chapters, and "The Story" with 28 chapters; in the book the 34 chapters are arranged in six parts and there is no sub-title. Most of the alterations were for the better, but some of the cuts made, especially those in Dr. Livesey's narrative, seem rather to detract from the graphic and vivid character of the original version.

Young Folks Paper continued to appear until July 4, 1891, when its name was changed to *Old and Young: A High-Class Weekly Magazine for all Readers*. The character of the paper was also changed. It tried to appeal not only to boys and girls but to adult readers, primarily to those who having taken it in early life continued to take it in maturity. On October 31, 1896, the name was again changed, this time to *The Folks-at-Home*. But it had become an entirely different paper, and after the number of April 29, 1897, its publication was discontinued.

After the last instalment of *Kidnapped* had appeared in *Young Folks*, I ceased to take the paper, but I kept all the numbers in which I first read Stevenson's three serials, and still keep them among my most valued belongings. I wonder how many survivors there are of those who were so fortunate as to read, and re-read again and again, the instalments of *Treasure Island* as they came out, week by week, in *Young Folks* over 67 years ago. It was a joyous experience to read Stevenson's writings in boyhood, and to watch his rapid ascent, in the last ten years of his life, to the towering position he attained in the world of letters. His works have been to me for nearly seventy years—since I first read *The Pavilion on the Links* in *Cornhill* in 1880—a source of unfailing satisfaction. In *Sartor Resartus* Carlyle wrote of a "Time-annihilating Hat", which, clapped on the head, enabled you "simply by wishing that you were *Anywhen*, straightway to be *Then*." If it were given to me to put on such a hat for one day in the past, I would choose a day in 1614 with Shakespeare in Stratford; and if a second day were vouchsafed to me, it should be spent with Stevenson at Vailima.

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THE IRON CHANCELLOR

By R. D. CHARQUES

GERMAN history — German political history—has rarely lent itself to vivid and illuminated writing. For this there are all manner of good reasons. German historians themselves are for the most part disqualified by the abstruse and romantic national egoism that is the distinctive cast of German historical thought. This apart, there is always the difficulty arising from the fact that the Reich has never delimited the national existence of the German people. And then, more particularly in Bismarck's Reich, there is the human poverty of German politics—the absence of vivid and arresting personalities—to drain historical writing of colour and psychological variety. Bismarck himself, an arresting enough figure, was probably the most remarkable genius in German political life, yet one of the most damning counts against him is that the Reich he created inevitably drew away from politics those of greatest intelligence and character.

Dr. Darmstaedter's book,* though it has few graces of style and provides rather excessively sober reading, is a learned and careful piece of work, clear in exposition and persuasive in analysis. The view he presents of Bismarck and his interpretation of Bismarck's achievement are in close accord with the findings of contemporary scholars—and, indeed, framed as they are in the dying glare of the Third Reich, of common sense. Briefly, it is to Bismarck rather than to William II or Hitler that Dr. Darmstaedter attributes responsibility for the corruption of Germany and the world's calamity. The shape of things to come, he maintains, was implicit in the means by which Bismarck secured the military dictatorship of Prussia in the guise of German unification. Unification, in the cant German phrase, was a "historic

necessity"; but Prussia's German mission was another and very different matter, and the catastrophic sequel to what Bismarck made of it robs him, the author argues, of any valid claim to greatness.

The book stops short at the year 1871, by which time liberalism in Germany had been fatally seduced by success and what Dr. Darmstaedter calls "the principle of preparation for war" had taken exclusive possession of the administrative apparatus which the Reich inherited from the North German Federation. That Bismarck himself in the nineteen years of his Chancellorship that followed was determined to preserve peace is not to be denied, but this could neither divert nor slacken the dynamism of the State power he had created. In his contempt for "resolutions and majority votes" he had in fact broken the will of the German people to reject war as an instrument of policy. Bismarck, in sum, builded more disastrously than he knew; the German Chancellor after 1871 could never give stability to the foundations that the "wild Junker" had laid—nor, even if they had tried, could those who came after him. Dr. Darmstaedter pursues the successive stages of the Bismarckian *Realpolitik* in close detail without attempting very much in the way of a character study. He dwells at intervals upon Bismarck's relentless clarity of mind, his craft and tenacity, his inspired sense of timing and resort to fraud and deceit, and illustrates, among other things, how constant was his habit of working himself into a rage either to fortify his will or because in the face of opposition he had so little self-control. But there is little here to suggest that the man of blood and iron was also a hysterical creature and something of a paranoiac. The emphasis of this study falls on Bismarck

**Bismarck and the Creation of the Second Reich*, by F. Darmstaedter. Methuen. 21s.

as Junker, a man dedicated to the prejudices and ambitions of his caste, loyal only to the Prussian clan and dynasty and ruthless in hatred of the "indiscipline" of other *Stämme*.

The fatality of his handiwork during the years 1862-71 is writ large upon the face of Europe to-day. Even so, is there not a danger of carrying Bismarck's personal responsibility to excess? Does not Dr. Darmstaedter, for instance, tend to make Bismarck in some degree the scapegoat for the failings of a people conditioned by centuries of German history to a morbid reverence for force and authority? The tradition of the Free Cities and the *bourgeois* liberalism of the Rhineland were not without promise for the future in a genuinely Federal State which would unite all the German people; but, with the spectacle of the follies of 1848 before his eyes, what precisely could Bismarck expect from the *Kulturstaat* heralded by the classical German thinkers and poets? Liberalism in Germany in the sixties was, after all, febrile and shallow. It could not otherwise have transformed itself so swiftly and slavishly into pride in Bismarck's annexations. Dr. Darmstaedter refers to Mommsen's solemn vision, after the occupation of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, of a "synthesis" of *Grossmacht* and *Kulturstaat*, and to a particularly choice example of Liberal apostasy after Sadowa. But the formation, after that famous victory, of the National Liberal Party and the indemnity which the Prussian Parliament gave Bismarck by a vast majority for the unconstitutional collection of taxes provide all the evidence that is required of Bismarck's insight into the German mind. Of that vote in the Prussian Parliament on September 3, 1866, a contemporary historian has said that it was as decisive a landmark in the history of Germany as was the Bill of Rights in the history of England or the oath of the tennis court in the history of France. The fault, after all, was in Germany as much as in Bismarck.

CRUSADE IN EUROPE, by General Eisenhower. *Heinemann*. 25s.

There can be no question of the historical value of this account of the part taken by the western Allies in the war with Germany from the entry of the U.S.A. into the struggle until final victory. It not only records clearly the main features of their operations but, more important, it sets out and discusses frankly the strategical conceptions and decisions which affected the course of events. Some of these have already been, and will probably continue to be, matters of controversy; but in facing criticism General Eisenhower is in the strong position of being able to present outstanding accomplishments against the hypothetical claims of those who consider different courses might have been followed.

On the whole his judgment seems to have been exceptionally sound and free from major errors, and in general he presents contrary views fairly. It is however rather curious that he makes no mention of Russia until the closing phases of the war. Yet surely the practicability of the Normandy invasion depended on events in Russia. Although tactically, when shipping, trained troops and material became available, the possibility of establishing a bridgehead increased; yet so long as Germany could transfer troops freely from the east its strategic development, and even its security would, to say the least, have been doubtful. Not until Russia in 1943 had proved her possession of offensive power both under summer and winter conditions, thereby denying to Germany the chance of denuding her eastern front, did strategic conditions begin to become favourable.

Does not this account for the hesitation of the British leaders to embark on the enterprise prematurely? Moreover for Britain, nearing exhaustion and after discouraging experiences, failure would have been a greater disaster than for the fresh American forces. General Eisenhower himself, although at first in agreement with the American proposal to establish a

bridgehead in Normandy in 1942, became convinced of the futility of the project and accepted the North African campaign as an alternative.

One may also question whether General Eisenhower, convinced of the essential importance of establishing a base at Antwerp, was right in giving the attempt to establish a footing over the lower Rhine priority to operations designed to open access to the port.

Naturally the book is written primarily for American readers and, in detail, a much fuller account is given of the part played by American forces than by those of the British and other Allies. The names of American Generals of secondary rank who distinguished themselves are frequently given, whereas in general only the highest ranking Allied Commanders are mentioned.

The book should, I think, further enhance General Eisenhower's great reputation; for he appears, in addition to being an inspired organizer of inter-Allied co-operation, to have had exceptional foresight. Furthermore, despite the many calls on him, he was able to maintain close contact with front line troops and operations.

CHARLES GWYNN.

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE :
A Journey through East Africa, by
Elspeth Huxley. *Chatto and Windus.*
18s.

The sorcerer's apprentice of Mrs. Huxley's title performed his master's magic while the master was away, but could not control it. Only the timely return of the master saved the apprentice from drowning. For "apprentice" read "African"; for "master" read "the white man"; for "magic" read "civilization" and the question which Mrs. Huxley pondered during her journey and wisely leaves the reader to ponder as he closes the book is posed. Can the African learn to control the magic of an imported civilization before the time comes when either the master will not return any more, or returns with his own powers

so weakened as to be no longer able to control his own creations?

If necessary, the Colonial Office should subsidize a cheaper edition of the book at once, for it needs to be widely read. New entrants to the Colonial Service destined for East Africa, men already serving, intending and existing settlers, recruits to commerce and established European merchants should study it for the sympathetic but admirably unsentimental record it gives of the ways of life of the peoples with whom their own lives are bound up. Officials of the East and Central African Department of the Colonial Office should learn it by heart. Free copies should be given to all Members of Parliament who are "interested in the Colonies". The select committee on the estimates should pass an examination on it before it produces its next Report on Colonial Development. Intending writers of travel books should use it for a model of descriptive writing based on sympathy and sharpness of observation.

The book is good first because it is unpretentious. As a record of a journey should, it comments occasionally but for the most part it records and, as it were, notes incidents and personalities, remarks and opinions, policies and theories for future reference. Mrs. Huxley's mind remains open and receptive and no issue is prejudged for any reader who may care, or have the chance, to go and find out for himself. No judgment, no opinion on anything seen or heard or apprehended in Africa should be regarded by its author as immutable. There is no room in Africa for pontification.

Finally, the book is good because of its selectiveness. It is entirely made up of most interesting and unexpected stories and pieces of information. But it is no mere traveller's diary. Rather is it a series of selected "stills" from a film photographed and recorded by the eyes and ears of the traveller. History, politics, tribal organization, native customs, the economics of employing Africans, sociology, all are

here—in no particular order, but succeeding each other at random as the events and encounters, sights and places of such a journey take each other as it were by surprise.

At page 162 is described a visit to a "social centre" paid for by the United Kingdom taxpayers under the Colonial Development and Welfare Act :

The caretaker answered indifferently : " Few people come." The canteen attendant also shook his head. " Not many people. In the evenings, a few. Perhaps three or four women." " Why do the women come ? " He shrugged his shoulders. " They are prostitutes."

Mrs. Huxley here allows herself a comment, fiercely restrained : "'Social Welfare', in Tanganyika at least, has been a stunt rather than a policy : something applied in a hurry from on top rather than encouraged to grow at a natural pace from the bottom."

The book is decorated by some excellent and well selected photographs and, as it should, has a map.

GEOFFREY NUNN.

PARTY CHOICE : The Real Issue Between the Parties, by Michael Berry. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 6s.

Mr. Michael Berry came out of the Forces with no clear grasp of political principles to find the political horizon filled by two parties competing for his allegiance under the standards of "Socialism" and "Conservatism." (He takes it for granted that the electorate in this country of ours is incorrigible in its insistence on two teams only from which to make its choice—such is the influence of ball-games : third-party insurance just does not belong to our political *mores*.) And so, by way of self-education, he set himself to study the fundamental issues between the two parties (not their programmes) and this little political primer is the result. It comes out definitely against "Socialism".

Broadly speaking, he says, socialists believe that

the greatest material progress will be made if industry is owned by the Government, who will arrange the production of what it

regards as most useful as distinct from what is most profitable.

Most of the book is concerned with this economic proposition, on the assumption that economic power means political power. And, as a proposition in a vacuum, divorced from the context of the real world, it is a fair enough statement.

That capitalism has become "ossified restrictionist and unjust" was the favourite dogma of Labour Party champions between the wars. This charge, according to Mr. Berry, is not proven. The defect of capitalism in that same period he conceives to have been under-employment and its attendant insecurity. But, since the general acceptance by economists of the ideas of Mr. Keynes (summarily analysed here), the remedy, he contends, lies to hand in monetary and budgetary policy.

Mr. Berry does well to remind us that Socialism is, in the nature of things, based on abstract reasoning, predicating a static society ; when socialists come up against the practical difficulties, they are at sea. Socialists underestimate

the extreme complexity of a highly-developed economic system, the multitude of small decisions taken every day by multitudes of small men.

They show a bland nescience of the factor of business confidence. And a like disregard for the appeal of the profit-motive for the ordinary run of people stultifies much of the attempt to translate socialist idealism into practice. Finally, Mr. Berry asserts that it is beyond the power of any central authority to provide a substitute for the automatism of the market.

Apart from this disquisition on planning the author faithfully reproduces the stock conservative arguments about the impact of Socialism on the freedom of the individual, but here he fails to make out an effective case against democratic Socialism as we in this country know it. There is also a chapter on foreign policy which is sensible if not very profound.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

THE CHURCH AND THE DISORDER OF SOCIETY.

THE CHURCH AND THE INTERNATIONAL DISORDER : World Council of Churches. *Student Christian Movement Press.* 12s. 6d. each.

These books have put back the great word "righteousness" into the vocabulary of modern Christianity. They have demonstrated the fact that the non-Roman Churches have a profundity of concern, a depth of understanding and a sense of directives concerning the dilemma of modern man in the present world crisis, that is not out-matched by those of any other group, religious or secular.

The volumes contain the documents submitted to and the report of Commissions III and IV of the Conference held at Amsterdam last September: they will most certainly be warmly welcomed and ought to be widely read by many in the Churches themselves, whilst they deserve the closest attention of all who are concerned with the problems with which they deal. The sickness of the modern world is not to be ascribed, they declare, solely to conscious secularism, though the attitude of mind behind the movements which have led to the present impasse is the culmination of the increasing secularization of thought during the last four centuries. Towering above every other cause is the fact that we are living in a technological and scientific civilization which has resulted in the de-personalization of man, the destruction of natural communities, the dominance of material and economic factors, the accentuation of the contrast between wealth and poverty, and, in the East, the physical and spiritual de-racination of their peoples. All these provide fertile soil for the emergence of the totalitarian State, whether open or disguised, for the simple reason that modern mass-man, conditioned by demonically powerful methods of mass suggestion, has lost his sense of individual responsibility. The result is a society which has lost

directives and a true scale of values, and believes that it can be saved by technics and the production of material goods. In all this series of processes the Church has been involved, for the most part passively and negatively, but involved nevertheless, and a good many Christians will breathe a little more easily because of that confession.

The Church will not and must not expect any Utopia, for it is aware that even the best society will be conditioned both by human ignorance and sin, but it will believe, and ought to act on the assumption, that much greater approximations to the Christian ideal are possible. It has two main convictions—that societies must reflect the conviction that all societies and the whole of every society are under obedience to a higher law than that of the State or even the world-State, the law of God, and that the acid test of any society is to be found in its understanding of man. The Christian conviction that man is made in the image of God lends to him a dignity that is not conferred by the understanding of him as the product of purely evolutionary forces, and that Christian conviction means that the Church is set firmly against all political and economic activities and all racial discriminations which deny that dignity.

It is these central theses which are worked out in these volumes in the several essays that sum up the contributions of many shrewd observers in Europe, in America and in the East, and nothing is more significant than that all point to the fact that the Church must reflect in its own life the pattern of true Christian community.

Heartening, exciting even, as these volumes are, there are gaps which can best be indicated by questions. Did the Commissions expose themselves to the full force of the difficulty of reconciling order and freedom? Were they more sensitive to the dramatic threat to freedom than to the permanent but by no means so dramatic threat to justice in our modern world? And does that failure in turn root itself in the fact that whilst they have turned the spotlight

full on the crisis itself, they have not set the crisis itself in the perspective of history? And does that failure in turn allow them too easy an understanding of the demand upon the Church itself, and blind them to the fact that no Church has yet said the creative word in a time of crisis, which has not been, not "renewed" but "reborn" in life, polity and worship? For one reader at least, the answer to all these questions, save the first, must be in the affirmative.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT.

ROMAN WAYS IN THE WEALD, by I. D. Margary. *Phoenix House*. 25s.

CULTURE IN EARLY ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND, by D. Elizabeth Martin-Clarke. *The Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore*. (London: *Geoffrey Cumberlege*). 12s. 6d.

THE ENGLISH HERITAGE, by Rex Wellton Finn. *Macdonald*. 12s. 6d.

Adventures in archaeology are still possible. We should not expect to find them in a back garden in Peckham, S.E. The latest addition to the proved Roman roads in South-East England has been found nevertheless to branch from Watling Street in that suburb; it ends in Sussex and the sea. On the way the line of the road forms the boundary between Surrey and Kent. The road must therefore have been in existence when this boundary line was drawn; but it was then a frontier between kingdoms.

Mr. Margary's book contains the detailed story of the way in which scientific archaeology has followed up the clues suggested on the map by old boundaries of parish and county, and by other hints from isolated stretches, until the entire course has been plotted mile by mile. This is but one of the routes which he has mapped and described, with diagrams and photographs. He has provided the most complete record yet made of all the Roman roads in the Weald and other contemporary trackways, including the approach to Pevensey.

Serious work began with an air

survey under his direction of the suspected course in Ashdown Forest. This revealed traces of a road unmistakably Roman crossing the highest ridge and making purposefully north and south. All the rest followed. Many sections were found intact. The most spectacular is the exposed surface of a highway metalled with iron slag at Holtye, near East Grinstead. The ruts worn by vehicles in the second century A.D. remain. In the Peckham back garden the buried road was found to be constructed of gravel on a foundation of pebbles. This is the most important work on Roman Britain published since the war. The results of original research are not often presented in such a readable form.

Mrs. Martin-Clarke invites her readers to adventure in a different field—wider than her title suggests; for though it is a survey of a special period it relates the archaeology of seventh-century England to that of Scandinavia and both to the literature of the age. This is a short but not a facile work. The author exhibits the "wholeness" of Anglo-Saxon culture up to the Conquest, but concentrates on the centuries from the coming of the invaders to the middle of the eighth century. This culture is exemplified by the Ruthwell Cross, *Beowulf*, the Sutton Hoo ship-treasure and its craftsmanship. This Suffolk royal burial gains by comparison with the Oseberg ship in Norway, and is claimed to belong to a group which includes Sweden and Denmark in the Merovingian period and Norway in the Viking age. The Sutton Hoo treasure hoard, if it was no richer than others found in Sweden, was rich enough to justify the lavish descriptions in *Beowulf*. Thus the literature and the archaeological finds ask and answer one another's questions.

The English Heritage, first published in 1937, revealed the secret heart of England to an England uncertain of herself—it may be difficult to say with what gain to the national spirit—

just then or with what reward in the years just ahead to individual men and women. The book has now been revised and reset with many new illustrations, rich in beauty and associations. The author takes us on a journey through English history with imagination as a companion.

W. THOMSON HILL.

A NOTEBOOK ON WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, by Edith Sitwell.
Macmillan. 15s.

In her approach to Shakespeare, Dr. Edith Sitwell is with Coleridge rather than Theobald, and feels her arguments metaphysically. The criticism of a fully creative artist is in any case of a special order. It contains a high proportion of the critic's own visionary interpretation both of the work he examines and of its relation to ultimates. The poet is perhaps more vulnerable than the less luminous critic to the charge of reading into a passage lines and portents that were never consciously put forth. This is not necessarily a drawback. To one school of thought the supremacy of Shakespeare is sufficient guarantee that he intended every point of value made by every critic with virility. Another view is that a writer of Shakespeare's magnitude will inevitably catch overtones and undertones from the cosmic reverberations that echo round him while he pursues his given theme, and that these overtones may be heard by the ear attuned. Dr. Sitwell, one of the keenest in sight and hearing among modern poets, is also, among critics, one who most fully enters into the huge awareness, the extra-galactic quality as it were, of supreme dramatic utterance. To her, much of the language of Shakespeare is as the drinking-horn that can never be emptied because its end reaches the sea.

Whether Will Shakespeare, the practising Elizabethan actor-dramatist, could if he wished have explained to his colleagues all the significances (as Mr. Edmund Blunden aptly termed them in an essay Dr. Sitwell quotes) may be a

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point not worth establishing. At least they are more than fancy. The present poet expresses them according to her own idiom. It is one in which the ear plays a great part. At the opening of *Macbeth* the witches utter "tuneless dropping dissonances" that "have a prophetic and terrible significance." Of Lady Macbeth :

In her speech invoking darkness, the actual sound is so murky and thick that the lines seem impervious to light, and at times, rusty, as though they had lain in the blood that had been spilt, or in some hell-born dew.

Such a statement is not criticism in any pedestrian sense. The roar of giant convulsions of nature sounds repeatedly in her notes. She borrows, when she will, appropriate descriptions from Burnet's *Theory of the Earth* to trace these phenomena through "hollow vowels". A speech of Iago's, expressing his person through its very deadness, "becomes a dirty, small and fluttering thing, like a poisonous insect."

Criticism of this order cannot itself be criticized. It constitutes, rather, an adventure for the reader, neither comparing with nor superseding other interpreters of Shakespeare (and Dr. Sitwell quotes some inspired passages from these). Like an artist's sketch-book, or the first free drafts of pictures afterwards more heavily worked out, the notebook form offers Dr. Sitwell the chance to catch felicities and throw them fresh on the page without the wilting process of manipulating each into its niche of consecutive argument. So the reader too is at liberty to flash in anywhere, and find gold at random.

SYLVA NORMAN.

HENRY JAMES AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A Record of Friendship and Criticism, edited by Janet Adam Smith. *Rupert Hart-Davis*. 12s. 6d.

To the casual reader it might seem that no two novelists were less likely to walk together than the author of *Wings of a Dove* and the author of *Treasure Island*. A second considera-

tion might suggest a closer affinity between the author of *The Turn of the Screw* and the author of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. This book of letters and critical essays, admirably arranged and introduced by Janet Adam Smith, shows clearly that there was not only a warm personal friendship between Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson, but also a strong likeness. Each recognized in the other a common purpose, a common approach to the novel, the approach of the deliberate, conscious, experimental craftsman. Each could give the other something which no one else could give him, something, these letters suggest, for which James depended on Stevenson even more than Stevenson on James. This was partly because James was the more single minded, he was troubled by no feeling that he "ought to have been able to build lighthouses and write David Balfours too." When Stevenson died, James lost the contemporary who understood best his overwhelming preoccupation..

The thing that emerges most clearly from the two long essays on the Art of Fiction is the fundamental agreement. This is a fencing match between allies. It is true that Henry James inclines to think art more exciting than life, and Stevenson inclines to think life more exciting than art. "To compete with life ;—whose sun we cannot look upon, whose passions and diseases waste and slay us ; to compete with the flavour of wine, the beauty of the dawn, the scorching of fire, the bitterness of death and separation—here is a projected escalade of Heaven !" But the cardinal faith of the duellists is that the novel is a serious work of art depending for that quality of "being interesting" which Henry James says is the only essential, not on a reproduction of life, but on the form and style with which "faintest hints of life" are presented. What matters, they both conclude, is how the thing is done, and it mattered to both of them as much as anything in the world.

A few of the letters in this book are

printed for the first time. Even those who know well the work of both James and Stevenson will be grateful for the opportunity here presented of seeing clearly this vital thread in their lives detached from the pattern. Those who had not been fully aware of the association may learn how important it was to both writers. Henry James at the moment needs no bush. He is even in danger of suffering as Stevenson has long suffered, and as Henry James foresaw that Stevenson would suffer, from a surplus of indisciplined admiration. This book helps to present Stevenson, not as the teller of tales for boys, nor as the romantic invalid, but as a serious writer, and may well, as Janet Adam Smith says, "lead this generation to find in his work the same delight as did Henry James."

LETTICE COOPER.

EAST RIVER, by Sholem Asch. Translation by A. H. Gross. *Macdonald*. 12s. 6d.

AND THEN YOU CAME, by Ann Bridge. *Chatto and Windus*. 10s. 6d.

THE CONSPIRATOR, by Humphrey Slater. *John Lehmann*. 8s. 6d.

During the last thirty years or so the American novel has shown itself to be rich both in vitality and staying power. To have *East River*, the work of a foremost American contemporary writer, translated (presumably from the Yiddish) and published over here is therefore a literary event to be welcomed and proclaimed. For *East River* with its many characters seriously realized in the round is in a separate class from the other two novels.

Mr. Asch is a novelist of the social scene—here his background is the polyglot poor community of New York's East Side at the beginning of this century, and his predominant note is compassion. He appeals deeply to men's hearts to understand each other across the barriers of race and creed; indeed, perhaps one of his most striking gifts is his power to dramatize, to project spiritual conflict sympathetically. "A deep pity welled up in her

heart—pity for her mother, for herself, her child, for Irving, pity for the whole world divided into warring camps. Her tears melted the hard knot of bitterness that constricted her heart."

Though the book is long, the narrative power sustaining it is excellent; the interest never flags because the characters, too, breathe with real life. Beautifully drawn is Moshe Wolf Davidowsky, the saintly Jewish grocer round whose life the story revolves. There are scenes of great dramatic force, not overstated, as for example the terrible fire at the clothing factory, Harry Greenstock's death, and the scene where Mary, an Irish Catholic girl who has married a Jew and failed to baptize their child, confesses to the priest.

With Miss Ann Bridge's *And Then You Came* we enter a different atmosphere altogether. Her book also is long—possibly too long—but she is an accomplished writer. Her work has charm, in no denigrating sense of that word. Her setting is the Western Highlands of Scotland, her characters mostly "the best people" for she believes in what Shakespeare calls "degree". Yet as it occurs to a professor of archæology who has come to help dig up the Celtic past, "the social structure of the Western Highlands was practically perfect, based as it is on memory, tradition, and respect. There were "class distinctions," proudly accepted in their practical reality by *all* classes..." That Miss Bridge writes very well both psychologically and descriptively will be evident from her account of Helen's tiff with Andrew, and her painting of the flight of a golden eagle on page 178.

But the story, which opens with the expectation of pleasant romance combined with the archæological excitement of uncovering vitrified forts, takes a fantastic and sinister turn. It is here, perhaps, less successful. To conjure up characters from the first century and cause them to move about in the twentieth is easy; but to make them live and talk convincingly is far less so.

The incomparably beautiful Reine is most fascinating in her way, but her three tall handsome brothers, alas, seemed to me little more than shadows.

In *The Conspirator* Mr. Humphrey Slater has written a swiftly-moving, exciting, original spy story for adults. The theme, which the Canadian spy trials have unfortunately made credible, concerns a Major Ferneaux-Lightfoot, Grenadier Guards, who after a passionately sunny courtship and society marriage, turns out to be a communist agent. There is a luxurious foreign honeymoon. Afterwards the plot develops under the author's expert hand in a concise, relentless sequence of cause and effect, to a horrifying conclusion. Mr. Slater reveals with deft ability and skilful irony the extent to which a false political virus can warp a man's fundamental loyalty to his country and people. In these days the tale is sufficiently topical to be rather terrifying. Perhaps Mr. Slater's irony is at its best in the scene in Moscow where Director Zabotkin, after playing affectionately with his child, cheerfully writes out an order to London for the elimination of an English woman, delighted at the neat solution of his difficulties. There is some good observation of character.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, edited and with an introduction by James S. Plant, The Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston. *Max Parrish*. 15s.

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, six landscape reproductions in colour, with an introduction by Paul Westheim. *Rascher Verlag, Zurich*. 25s.

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, six floral water colour reproductions in colour with an introduction by Doris Wild. *Rascher Verlag, Zurich*. 25s.

Exiled in England since 1938, Oskar Kokoschka the Austrian painter, now sixty-two years of age, has emerged from obscurity to regain his pre-war reputation. One third of his works has been lost in the past ten years. The remainder have been traced and

collected. European exhibitions have been held in Basle, Zurich, Amsterdam and Venice. In America, Mr. James S. Plaut, Director of the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art, has arranged a representative collection to show each phase of Kokoschka's forty years of achievement as a painter. Concurrently, Mr. Plaut has edited a volume containing a sympathetically written biographical essay, and an appreciation of the painter's work illustrated with sixty reproductions of his pictures.

To describe him as a modern artist is merely to say that he is not an academic painter. In modern art there are many movements, and every movement is labelled. Confusion lies thick around the matter of defining the exact significance of the label, even thicker when it comes to assigning individual artists to the appropriate movement, because there are many artists who defy this sort of classification. Oskar Kokoschka, in a letter to Mr. Plaut which was used as a preface to the catalogue of the American exhibition of his work, writes: "Some visitors, well acquainted with modern art movements, may be puzzled to find that in my work there is none of the experimenting with all the different phases, from impressionism, pointillism, cubism to non-objective art which they are used to. The explanation is simple enough: I never intended to entertain my contemporaries with the tricks of a juggler, in the hope of being recognized as an original. I simply wanted to create around me a world of my own in which I could survive the progressive disruption going on all over the world." Nevertheless, Mr. Plaut recognizes him as an expressionist and says that he is "frequently accepted as the most gifted exponent of this school of painting . . ." He endorses the label with a rider that he is an expressionist more by virtue of his instinctive tendencies than as a result of his association with the founders of the movement. This is much to the painter's credit; for he would assuredly

be of smaller stature if he owed more to the movement than to his own tendencies.

Oskar Kokoschka's approach to painting seems to be intuitive rather than deliberate. His canvases are alive with excitement; they suggest an immediate and sensitive reaction to the stimulus of what he sees. Unhampered by the discipline of a formal design or treatment, he paints with a kind of eager responsiveness and his pictures have the quality of quick and vivid commentary rather than that of deeply pondered statements.

As though to add impetus to the renewed interest in his work, Rascher Verlag at Zurich has published two portfolios each with six loose-leaf colour plates and a descriptive commentary in German. One deals with the painter's landscapes, the other with his water-colours of flowers. The quality of the colour printing is so outstandingly good as to provide a handsome consolation for those of us who cannot see the originals.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

THE ART OF COSTUME, by C. Willett Cunnington. *Collins*. 16s.

The history of costume is a subject on which a great deal has been written with little or inaccurate knowledge. Theatrical producers have never yet been known to dress their period productions with scientific accuracy and maiden ladies with a taste for dressing-up have blossomed into print as experts. If such books, often appearing at Christmas, had been on any other subject but costume their authors would have been laughed to scorn and the inaccuracy of their facts made ridiculous in the light of expert knowledge.

No such criticism however can be levelled at Dr. Willett Cunnington whose books have done so much to put the study of costume in its proper and important place. In his new book he treats the subject scientifically and not aesthetically. He maintains that

costume is the expression of a state of mind and that, therefore, the question whether it is beautiful or not is beside the point. It is with the psychological aspect of clothes that Dr. Cunnington is mainly concerned and there can be no doubt that this is a promising field of speculation. Those critics who maintain that costume has no psychological significance have lately been confounded by the writers with Dr. Cunnington's approach, who foretold the "new look" long before it was introduced by M. Christian Dior.

In his first chapter, "Costume—an art", Dr. Cunnington puts forward many stimulating and paradoxical ideas, as, for instance, that "costume is seen to be an art which cannot survive for long in solitude," because hermits and those who wish to be left alone soon dress themselves in shapeless sackcloth or indeed in nothing at all. His statement that "costume could not only express the emotions of the wearer, but . . . could induce emotions in the spectator, such as fear or admiration, and, of course, arouse sexual interest" makes one wonder whether the "pregnant" shape of the "new look" of to-day has special significance. Dr. Cunnington suggests that costume is more revealing than nudity and explains this idea with convincing humour in chapters on symbolism and the use of hats and gloves. The assumption that fashion is imposed on the public by the dressmaker is successfully exploded by the author's careful research.

The Art of Costume is admirably illustrated by many amusing and lesser known prints and photographs. It is to be recommended not only to those interested in costume but especially to psychologists and historians. The study of clothes which is a helpful guide to the state of mind of the modern man or woman, can also throw much light on the attitudes of those of the past and no social history is complete without an inquiry into the clothing of its period.

ELISABETH JAMES.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

When one has formed the habit of saying that one reads less now than ever before—a true enough statement in so far as that in pre-war days one read entirely for fun—it is disconcerting to learn from the January 1 issue of *The Bookseller* that in 1948 the number of new books published in the British Isles was 10,762, which is actually 351 more than the figure for 1939. Nor should it be assumed that the standard is lower than it was ten years ago. Educational, travel and biographical titles are down—but so is fiction, by 1,391—and poetry and drama are but six behind. And music, art and architecture, natural history, sport and pastimes, religion and sociology are gloriously up. There is something here to be heard, even above the all too legitimate jeremiads on the present era.

Looking back

It is a privilege to meet the creator of Dr. Pasquier in *LIGHT ON MY DAYS*, by George Duhamel and translated by Basil Collier (*J. M. Dent*. 15s.). This is the first instalment of his pilgrimage through a world of "cruel reverses" in which he has kept mind and imagination unsullied as doctor and as family chronicler in and about his beloved Paris. His mother often said: "Your father is a good prescriber" and her son well knows the recipe for the good life. This enthralling book does not reach much beyond what he calls the "splendid jasmine of my adolescence," so there are still riches in store.—M. Duhamel takes us back to the fabulous, when you could cross a frontier by producing no more than a visiting card, and Dame Irene Vanbrugh in *TO TELL MY STORY* (*Hutchinson*. 18s.) recreates with many illustrations a period when ability and good manners, no less than birth or wealth, were a passport to that brilliant society of which authors, actors and artists formed an indispensable part. Though famous names jostle each other, this is no snob story; it reveals one who, always generous in tribute to members of her

own profession, has kept the same tolerance and intelligent approach for all her other contacts. Life to her has been a kaleidoscope. And her own shining part in the mosaic is the gracious personality she has brought to sixty years on the English stage.

Words in harness

Another Dame of the British Empire, Una Pope-Hennessy, has written a scholarly study of Sir Walter Scott in the excellent English Novelists Series of *Home & Van Thal* (6s.). Especially helpful is her detailed criticism of the developing powers that went to the making of the novels. That Scott "found words as difficult to drive as a team of zebras" is indeed encouraging for anyone who writes. As Dame Una says, instead of riding moonlike and effortless, "it brings the most friendly, versatile and successful of great authors into our common orbit of endeavour."—Five years before Scott's death Blake, still singing, left the world. He who could say: "I am really drunk with intellectual vision whenever I take a pencil or a graver into my hand" has had that vision finely interpreted by Mona Wilson in *THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BLAKE* (*Rupert Hart-Davis*. 21s.). First published in 1929 it is now re-issued with revisions and additional notes and, hitherto so hard to come by in public or private library, it now immediately makes itself indispensable.

God and Mammon

With the lives sketched in *SOME VICTORIAN PORTRAITS AND OTHERS* by Hilda Martindale (*George Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.) the nineteenth century gained momentum in building Blake's Jerusalem in the spheres of those social reforms which grew out of a deep religious instinct. Representing the civil service, the Church, the medical profession, soldiering, workers among women, domestic service, natural history, some of those included are the author's own mother, Sir Albert Spicer, Dame Adelaide Anderson,

William Drury, Rosalie Lulham and Sir Francis Younghusband. Herself a Home Office inspector of factories, the author cannot be excluded, and her pieces of spontaneous autobiography build up into an impressive and attractive picture.—Another piece of sociology was the foundation of the Norwich General Assurance Company of 1792. In *FIVE GENERATIONS OF THE BIGNOLD FAMILY* (B. T. Batsford. 21s.) Sir Robert Bignold tells of their connection with the Norwich Union. Unexpectedly, it must be confessed, the interest remained unabated throughout its 313 large and close-packed pages. The life of a provincial city is inevitably tied up with the progress and expansion of the country and here politics, foreign affairs and industrial growth had their direct influence in the running of a great business. The illustrations—including facsimile letters, cartoons, election, comic fire engine and other posters—mark milestones along the way, and the acumen of the author and his ancestors is fittingly commemorated in this handsome volume.

Various enjoyments

There is much of autobiography too in what the author calls the "miscellaneous writings" of *LIFE INTERESTS*, by Douglas Goldring (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.), but it was to the first section on James Elroy Flecker and D. H. Lawrence that this reader turned most eagerly. (There is no longer excuse for a new generation not knowing *HASSAN*; it is now republished by Penguin (1s. 6d.), as is also Lawrence's *SONS AND LOVERS* (2s.)) Thence came a leap to Violet Hunt and Gissing, a doubling back to "Homage to London", and from there a straightforward browse through "Sympathies" "Antipathies" and "Appraisalment". Agreement or otherwise is of little consequence in the reading of Mr. Goldring, for his enjoyment in what he writes communicates itself and his interests are wide and deep enough to command and keep a respectful

attention.—Another delightful collection of essays is Bernard Darwin's *EVERY IDLE DREAM* (Collins. 12s. 6d.). Embedded and car-less Londoners should recoil from references to the game of golf but he makes himself wholly agreeable on this as on a hundred and one other subjects, and the light hand of the writer of fourth leaders in *The Times* is hailed with joy in such pieces as "A Day in Bed".

Shapeliness

Holds me as I drift to dreamland, safe inside my slumberwear.

as John Betjeman sings in *SELECTED POEMS*, chosen with a Preface by John Sparrow (John Murray. 8s. 6d.). And sing he does even, and perhaps particularly, when he writes in blank verse. As the discerning Mr. Sparrow says: "Euphony has always been his first consideration . . . and his tunes are many and varied." He likes people too well to let his satire become tiresomely intrusive, and he remembers so exactly what it was like to be a child that there is something childlike in the most sophisticated of his utterances. Read a couple of his verses twice and you have them by heart. Is it any wonder that he gives more pleasure than most of his contemporaries?—Another discerning Preface is Derek Patmore's, to the selected poems of his great-grandfather which he edits in *COVENTRY PATMORE* (Grey Walls Press, Crown Passage, S.W.1. 3s. 6d.). It is good to see again passages from *The Angel in the House* and *The Unknown Eros*. A ruthless self critic, he was able to say: "I have left the world nothing but my best" and in such poems as "Amelia" he showed how true and shapely his best could be.

Sharp eyes

Shapelessness has no place in the work of Patric Dickinson, twentieth century though he be. That *STONE IN THE MIDST* (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) demonstrated his approaching poetic maturity was the impression made by a broadcast of this verse play; which is now confirmed by the reading. In this and

the shorter poems here as from

A blur to a particular
Sharp agony of atmosphere

so he can whittle and focus his vision, to the implications of a simple experience like "A Dream" even more closely than to the large horror of Bikini or Hiroshima.

The failure of "mechanics"

Val Gielgud adds an Introduction to FIVE RADIO PLAYS (*Vox Mundi*, 47, *Welbeck Street*, W.1. 3s. 6d.) which is full of pertinences, among them this: "Plays which are conceived in terms of mechanics rather than in terms of interest, story, original thought and expert construction will never be more than flashes in the pan." It is perhaps inevitable that these examples, and especially Hermann Kesser's monologue *Nurse Henrietta*, should come within the category. But those who feel that the B.B.C. grows ever more successful in this medium, and who consequently dread the encroachment of television, will be interested to read an experiment such as Nicole Obey's *The Silent City*, first broadcast by Radiodiffusion Française and reproduced here.—Having praised S. L. Bensusan in B.O.T.T. and elsewhere to the point of excess, this reader is nevertheless impelled to say that his latest collection of marshland tales *SALT OF THE MARSHES* (*Routledge*. 15s.) gives as much pleasure as did its predecessors. Because he loves the people no less than the county, his characters and their speech ring true, and those of the stories that were broadcast both retain and echo the harsh Essex dialect and its undertones of humour, so expertly put over the air by the author. And once more Joan Rickarby's woodcuts complement Mr. Bensusan's thought and feeling.

Variations on the novel

Of *THE ATTIC PRETENDERS* by Ernst Kreuder, translated by Robert Kee (*Putnam*. 8s. 6d.), the publisher says this is the first novel to come out of Germany since the war, and maybe that is why it is a fantasy of "six young men, who try to get away from reality."

The fairytale so turns and twists that the reader exclaims at intervals with Uncle Bernhard's raven: "Very peculiar." There is a good deal of play on the escapist theme and finally, in the words of the teller of the happenings, there is a falling "through space and time into another world."—You grab at the comparative solidity that made *Odd Man Out* and now gives us *MIST ON THE WATERS*, by F. L. Green (*Michael Joseph*. 9s. 6d.). As in the former book, the setting is an Irish city but the men are revolutionaries only in the sense that they are blackmailers. Their friendship, their growing doubts of each other, the gradual exposure of their secret, the leading up to the climax keeps the reader in suspense—and full of admiration for the author's technical ability and gifts of the imagination.

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